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FIFTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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GROSS INSULT TO LOS ANGELES

ONE OF the questions our people should ask of Mr. Rufus Jennings and his California Promotion committee, due here this week, is why the San Francisco and bay cities' newspapers deliberately distort figures and falsify returns emanating from Los Angeles city and county, in order to make it appear that we are irresponsible and untrustworthy. If Mr. Jennings denies this allegation point out to him the Chronicle of November 6, which, under a display headline reading "Los Angeles Has Comic Election Returns," asserted that while our registration books at the time of their closing showed a total of 102,169 voters, our total vote November 3, in city and county was scarcely more than half the registration, or 55,084.

Of course, the answer to this is that the Chronicle and the Oakland Tribune, which repeated the calumny that same day, either were untruthful or were grossly misinformed. Naturally, the official count is not yet accomplished, but the newspaper figures, compiled from the returns on the presidential vote, furnished by the judges of election at each voting precinct throughout the county give the following:

Republican	41,333
Democratic	21,987
Socialist	4,551
Prohibitionist	3,934
Independent	762
Total	72,567

Of these, 41,813 were cast in the city, leaving 30,754 for the county. In other words, about seventy per cent of the registered voters exercised their right of suffrage at the election November 3, with possibly a hundred or so, more or less, variation from the official count yet to be made. We haven't the officials returns from San Francisco by which to make comparisons, but we doubt if the total number of ballots cast in the northern city exceeds the percentage cast down

here, despite the fact that the bitter contest on the judgeships called out every available vote in San Francisco.

As a further evidence of the brotherly love entertained for this part of California by San Francisco the Call of November 7 may be cited. With fine—or is it unconscious?—sarcasm, the Call begins an editorial, which, by the way, is headed "In the Hearing of the Pigs," in this wise:

Nothing the California Promotion committee does is of greater use for the common good than its missionary labors designed to foster a community of interest and quell the uneasy spirit of sectional jealousy in California. It is a badly needed work because evidences of this mean spirit are unfortunately too common.

After this beautiful start the editorial recites the fact that the Promotion committee, two hundred strong, is due in Los Angeles November 14 to attend the annual conference and concludes with this kindly paragraph:

At Los Angeles the committee will discuss the tourist, which is like talking about roast pig in the barnyard.

Hence, the heading referred to above. We, apparently, are the pigs. Is it any wonder that division of the state sentiment is growing stronger and stronger among "the pigs" with each succeeding gratuitous insult from the north?

FATE OF AMENDMENTS

STUDY of the returns on constitutional amendments offers interesting diversion. In the see-saw of uncertainty, demonstrated by the conflicting opinions evidenced, the unanimity with which the people declared their desire for a direct primary law should serve as a lesson to those politicians who affect to believe such legislation is not wanted in California. Of all the amendments this one labeled number three received the heaviest vote, the returns so far tabulated showing 127,299 for to 35,311 against. With fifteen counties still to report, it is safe to assume that the total vote will show four to one in favor of the direct primary law. Woe to the tricky legislator who tries to nullify that voice by giving the people an emasculated law. Swift and severe will be the vengeance awarded for treachery in this particular.

Curiously enough, senate amendment number one separating state and local taxation carried in the northern part of the state, but was defeated in Southern California, another evidence of heterogeneity in the two sections of the state. Number fourteen, increasing the salaries of state officers, failed of ratification—just as The Graphic intimated was likely to be the case in our issue of October 31—solely because of the unwarranted raising of the honorarium to the lieutenant-governor from ten dollars a day for sixty days, to four thousand dollars a year. Number sixteen, relating to the length of legislative sessions and compensation to the members, was approved by a two to one vote; number 26, repealing the mortgage law, will require the official count to arrive at a decision.

Number twenty-nine, limiting state indebtedness, is approved, as is number thirty-one, extending the legal existence of corporations. Number thirty-two, limiting the expenses of a legislative session, likewise carried. Number thirty-three, pertaining to the liability of stockholders of a corporation for debt incurred, is ratified, as also seems to be number thirty-four, relating to lotteries and to fictitious stock sales. Number seven, pertaining to compensation of grand and trial juries, is successful. Number eight seems to be approved; it was opposed by The Graphic for the reason that it taxed counties having no kindergartens, hence was invidious. Number twenty-four, changing the state board of education, was disapproved by a two to one vote. Number twenty-eight, relating to the approval and retention of bills by the governor carried three to one.

As for the capitol removal project, it was snowed under by fifty thousand majority against. Seawall and India basin bills appear to have been approved. On the whole the voters showed great discrimination in the exercise of their judgment, despite the multiplicity of the amendments to be considered. The most important one is that establishing a direct primary election law. It is a great preliminary victory for the people.

DISINGENUOUS MR. PERKINS

REPLYING in a personal letter to the editor of The Graphic, to the editorial in our issue of October 31, headed "Perkins, and a Protest," the senior senator from California, true to his reputation for disingenuousness, avoids stating why he insisted on the approval of State Senator Muenter as collector of internal revenue at San Francisco, in the face of the bitter criticism that the appointment provoked, due to the unseemly conduct of the Stockton politician at Sacramento two years ago. Professing to be totally ignorant on this score Senator Perkins asks:

You will therefore place me under obligations if you will kindly give me the information you have detrimental to Mr. Muenter's character and qualifications which causes you to criticize him in such harsh terms. If you have any information reflecting on his character or integrity which renders him unfit for the position he holds, which has not been brought to the attention of his immediate constituents in the San Joaquin valley or the commissioner of internal revenue and many others who have written me commending the appointment, you will render a public service by making the same known, when I will ask the secretary of the treasury to immediately detail a special agent to examine into the specific charges you may make against Mr. Muenter.

Such a question argues one of two things: Either that the senator remains in lamentable ignorance of public sentiment in his own state—an incredible supposition, considering his candidacy for re-election—or he is not candid. We are forced to the belief that he is at his old trick of "sidestepping." It will be noted that with artful verbiage Senator Perkins does not say he has not been informed in the Sacramento matter, but tells us we will be rendering a public service if we will make known such reflections on Muenter's character, "which have not been brought to the attention" of those who recommended him.

Apparently, in all the years that he has held office this is the first time one of his appointments has been subjected to adverse criticism and with deep pain in his typewriter voice, he says: "It is therefore with much surprise that I have read your criticisms in relation to the appointment of Hon. A. E. Muenter, collector of internal revenue for the first district of California." He assures us that if he has made any mistakes they have been "errors of judgment and not of the heart," adding:

I fully realize it is the province of the editor of a public journal to criticize the official acts of city, county, state or federal officers. But you should be just in your criticisms, and you should not be influenced by personal prejudice or bias, which, it seems to me, inspired the editorial referred to.

Now, isn't that a nice little lecture? Wouldn't one be justified in sending the writer a harp and a crown of glory to go with his toga? He wants information, he says. Let him seek it in the superior court of San Joaquin county, the divorce court, to be specific, and supplement what he finds there by interviewing the associates of Senator Muenter, who sat with him at the state capitol at the last session of the legislature. If that is insufficient, let him ask any attache of either house, white, black or yellow, male or female, who chanced to be on the payroll. Senator Perkins, as a Parthian shot, rather overplays his hand. With one finger on the typewriter, the other indenting his heart, he says the appointment of internal revenue collector was tendered

to Senator Muenter "without his solicitation, and simply because of his excellent qualifications." Help! help!

CANNON MAY BE CHECKMATED

IT BEGINS to look as if Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, a close friend of President-elect Taft, as he is of President Roosevelt, will rally to his candidacy for speaker all those forces for good in the Republican party that are bitterly opposed to the re-election of Joseph G. Cannon. It is patent to the country that it was the men who believe in the Roosevelt policies and not the reactionary element represented by Cannon, that elected Mr. Taft, hence the logical thing to do is to relegate Cannon to the floor of the house and install as its presiding officer one who is in close sympathy with the policies Mr. Taft has enunciated as favoring, particularly tariff revision.

It would savor of gross insincerity to place so arrant a standpatter as Cannon in control of the various committees, with renewed opportunity to stifle such legislation as is distasteful to the interests he serves. It would be tantamount to notifying the country that the Republican party had a string attached to all its promises, incorporated in the platform, and that string was Cannon. We submit that the Republican leaders cannot afford to do this, nor can the party representatives in congress attempt such chicanery with impunity. We would call Mr. McLachlan's attention to the fact that Jesse Overstreet of Indiana, one of Cannon's satellites, met defeat at the recent election, largely because of his close affiliation with the reactionary speaker, and his fate will be the fate, later, of many of those who go into caucus and vote for the Danville man of the foul mouth. Overstreet was chairman of the committee on postoffice and postroads and opposed every bill whose object was a more economical expenditure of moneys for the transportation of mails by railroads.

Hepburn of Iowa gave his name to the railroad rate legislation act, but he had little to do with its passage. He faced two ways and pleased neither side. The progressives of his district decided to keep him at home for his trimming proclivities. He will be missed by Cannon in his hunt for supporters. Jenkins of Wisconsin and Adam Bede of Minnesota failed to obtain renominations largely because of their Cannon affiliations. With Representative Fowler of New Jersey also contesting Cannon's candidacy for the chair, there promises to be no walkaway for the Illinois reactionary. With a dozen or so Republican members in the middle western states renominated and re-elected only upon the promise that they would refuse to support Cannon, it is evident that the revolt against the arbitrary methods of the speaker of the last congress is gaining in strength. The Republican party cannot afford to tie up to this anti-progressivist, who is dominated by influences inimical to the best interests of the country.

POSSIBILITIES OF SURGERY

RUDYARD KIPLING'S address of welcome, delivered last month in London to a gathering of physicians, paid noble tribute to a body of men who, as he said, are more deserving of the title of heroes, nine times in ten than the military gentlemen with gold cord and epaulets who are accorded this adjectival affix for deeds performed when a whole world, so to speak, is looking on. The heroism of the doctors is seldom bared to the public ken; it is done under cover, with no blare of trumpets to incite to action, no emotional lashings to spur to great deeds of daring. But the sacrifice of life in responding to the call of duty is made, nevertheless, without flinching, even with a smile and with nerves as steady and pulse as regular as if the possibility of death were a million years removed.

There is one branch of the medical profession, however, to which even Mr. Kipling failed to do full justice and that is the surgical geniuses who are shining lights in the practice of the healing and-cutting art. Ranking as one of the most talented members in this line is that Philadelphia surgeon who recently performed a successful operation for moral degeneracy. The subject was forty-eight years old, of impeccable habits un-

til the day he was struck on the head by a stick of timber and knocked senseless. After his recovery, he developed a passion for drinking and habits of kleptomania until he lost his position and most of his friends. A surgeon, who had studied his case became interested, with the following result, which we give in the scientific language of the operator:

January 18, 1907, I mapped out the fissure of Roldano upon the right side and exposed the lower and middle thirds of the ascending frontal and adjacent frontal convolutions by means of a trephine and Roggeur forceps. I did not find any depressed bone or peculiarity of the osseous wall at this point. The dura, however, was adherent to the inner plate of the skull, and all three meninges were glued together. The general cortex appeared normal. I broke up the adhesions between the dura on the one hand and the arachnoid and pia on the other, stitched the flap of the dura lightly in place and closed the wound in the scalp. The patient recovered from his operation without let or hindrance. He was discharged from the hospital two weeks later.

Inside of sixty days, the surgeon says, his patient resumed his old position, since when he has been promoted twice, each time with a raise of salary. Commenting on this remarkable cure, a writer on the New York Telegraph asks: "Don't you know a man or two whom you would like to see smashed in the head with a piece of scantling on the chance that he might have his dura and arachnoid and pia juggled with by a competent expert in moral degeneracy surgeon?" Doubtless, readers of The Graphic could name several such, if given half a chance, but we did not intend to yield to a temptation to make light of so interesting, as it was wonderful, a piece of surgery. The operation, however, suggests wide-reaching possibilities, which students of moral degeneracy may well ponder.

DUTY OF NEWSPAPER READERS

TO a recent number of Youth's Companion President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale university contributes an interesting article on "The public duty of newspaper readers." He enunciates these four points: First, that the American people are governed by public opinion, next that the newspapers are the chief agents in forming public opinion; third that if we want responsible government we must have responsible newspapers and fourth, that the reform must begin with the readers. Here are a few center shots in President Hadley's article:

Our statute books are full of instances of laws which are evaded or nullified because they have not the public sentiment of the people behind them. The newspapers are the chief agents in forming public opinion. This used to be done by courts of law and by political assemblies, but the modern newspaper has supplanted them, both as a forum of public discussion and as a means of public education. A hundred years ago intelligent men used to learn about the workings of the law either by serving on juries or by reading the decisions of the judges; but jury service is today managed so badly that in most of the states no intelligent man wishes to serve on a jury if he can help it. And if he does have to serve on a jury, he does not gain an understanding of the law so much as a contempt for the way in which criminal lawyers are allowed to misapply it. And most of the decisions of present-day judges on questions like railroad management or the equities of taxation are so much occupied with precedents and so little with actual facts that they have very slight effect on public opinion.

We are impressed by the declaration he makes that the newspaper reader must get into the habit of seeing whether the statements of fact are supported by evidence or not. He says it is not possible for a country to be well governed unless the people who do the reading are in the habit of weighing evidence; if they shut their eyes to all facts except those that they like, the government will be at the mercy of passion and prejudice. So few realize that it is a political duty to give to the public business of the country the same kind of treatment that a successful man gives to his private business, and only by adapting his conduct to the facts instead of trying to adapt the facts to his conduct, can public business be brought up to the same level as our best private business. This can only be done well, argues Prof. Hadley, by beginning at the bottom and reading newspapers in that spirit.

Truth is, the men of intelligence of a hundred years ago had the time and patience to read the decisions of judges on moot questions and to fol-

low the arguments of our national legislators who were wont to illumine their addresses by facts and figures, instead of as now, by appealing to blind partisanship, as in the recent iniquitous efforts to charge all the hard times of the country in past years to low tariff laws and per contra, all the prosperous periods to Republican high tariffs. What the spellbinders wanted was votes; they had no concern in the enlightenment of the masses; that was the last consideration.

For the irresponsible antics of newspapers such as Mr. Hearst delights in printing, the public that buys them is to blame, or rather, the business interests that support them. Let the advertising columns remain unpatronized, following a plethora of reckless and sensational reading matter and see how quickly the silly output will be stopped and a change of tone adopted. The main trouble with the people is they are so overworked, mentally and physically, that they are content to take their daily newspaper pabulum in ridiculous doses, requiring as little brain effort as possible, the sillier it is, the more welcome. In the same spirit they attend theaters, applauding puerilities that arouse scorn and contempt in the minds of the discriminating.

Imagine the average business or professional man wading through an important judicial out-giving, or a political discussion in congress by one of the old-school legislators! Not in these days! If the matter appears in his favorite newspaper he skips it. He is too tired, or too busy, or too blasé. Yes, the spirit in which we do our reading is the first reform to come, if the others are to follow, and if the daily newspapers cannot set the pace then it will remain for the intelligent weeklies to leaven the masses.

GRAPHITES

That champion standpatter, Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee, assisted by John Dalzell, special representative of the steel trust for twenty years, with others of their ilk, have been holding daily sessions of the committee this week, preparatory to drawing up a new measure to supersede the Dingley tariff law. Unless President-elect Taft is able to intercept a little greased lightning into the conferences and insist on genuine revision, American consumers need not expect much relief at the hands of the present committee. It will require herculean efforts and a most determined will to combat the maladministrations of the standpat element of the ways and means combine. Whether Mr. Taft is equal to this task, remains to be seen. The reactionaries count on the support at all times of Cannon, in case he is re-elected speaker, and will stubbornly contest every honest attempt to reduce the schedules. President Roosevelt is being urged to recommend in his farewell message that tariff revision be considered at the short session of congress, but he has at no time shown a due appreciation of the importance of this legislation to the country, and with Dalzell advising him to the contrary, there is little hope in that direction. President Taft's measure will be taken when he calls the special session, as promised, and the schedules are under fire. If he yields to the reactionaries, controlled by the trusts, the country will be properly mad and fur will fly at the congressional election two years hence. It will be a battle of the giants. The prize is five hundred millions a year in special privileges, filched from the pockets of the American consumers. The latter, unfortunately, are without adequate representation on the ways and means committee of the house.

Occasionally, the celerity of the law is swift enough in action to satisfy the most exacting. Take the case of Charles W. Morse, the New York banker, for example. Convicted of misapplying funds and making false entries in the books of the National Bank of America, after a speedy trial in New York he has been sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. It was a just sentence. In the words of the judge who pronounced it: "As in all bank fraud cases, the criminal legality is only part of a larger general scheme. In this case this was to use the bank and the depositors' money for speculative purposes. If such a scheme were permitted to be carried out the public would be at the mercy of a band of adventurers." Morse's methods have been so fully exploited that it were superfluous to dwell upon them. He will be remembered as the banker who made hundred thousand dollar dummy loans to small salaried clerks and girl sten-

ographers. Not much more than a year ago he was rated worth twenty million dollars and was the head of a chain of twelve banks and trust companies and twenty-six corporations. Now, with the convict's stripes awaiting him none is so poor as to do him reverence. He played a big game, as others have done and escaped detection or, rather, getting their deserts. Morse was caught in the panic, his swindling operations revealed and a felon's cell is his finish.

Newspapermen, particularly, and all lovers of a virile, clean story, generally, should not fail to get the current American Magazine and read Brand Whitlock's realistic story, "The Gold Brick," telling how a newspaper cartoonist found his conscience. Mr. Whitlock is mayor of Toledo, but prior to succeeding "Golden Rule" Jones, he was a Chicago newspaper man. He has written two good novels and a number of short stories that, like the present one, have a newspaper-politico background. Although the city is not named—it isn't necessary—the events described might easily have taken place in Los Angeles, or in any other large city where earnest reformers on the one hand are pitted against machine bosses, with subsidized newspaper owners bent on traversing the will of the people. How the plotters were unhorsed in "The Gold Brick" sends a pleasing thrill up and down the spine of the reader.

Resignation of President Eliot of Harvard, to take effect May 19, 1909, revives the rumor, so persistently recurring two years ago that Theodore Roosevelt is slated to succeed the venerable head of the oldest university in America. It was stated that President Eliot wanted to retire in 1906, but was urged by the trustees to remain until President Roosevelt's term expired, when he would assume the duties so long and faithfully performed by the present beloved "prexy." Perhaps the average reader, who has heard of hunting expeditions in Africa and India, magazine editorials, and other literary labors, not to speak of a possible senatorship from New York, may wonder how even a strenuous ex-President may be able to accomplish so much. The Graphic believes he will accept the Harvard presidency. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Roosevelt has expressed himself to his intimates as being greatly desirous of succeeding President Eliot as the head of the university which graduated him in the class of '80.

Illinois is facing a three-cornered fight for the senatorship, to succeed Senator Hopkins, who is a candidate for re-election. Opposing him are ex-Senator "Billy" Mason and Representative George E. Foss, chairman of the naval affairs committee in the house. Hopkins is a spoils politician, with a reputation for looking well after the Hopkins' interests at all times. "Billy" Mason is impossible, and it is inconceivable that the people of Illinois take his candidacy seriously. His unsavory record at Washington, what time he served as United States senator in 1897-1903, should forever preclude his return as a duly accredited representative of his state in the upper house of congress. Mr. Foss is by far the most satisfactory material. He was elected to the fifty-fourth congress from the Tenth district, and has served continuously since. His constituency includes the lake shore and Evanston territory, regarded as the most cultured, as it is the wealthiest, district in city or state.

We violate no confidence in asserting that the Taft ticket was successful in Indiana largely, or shall we say solely, to the efforts of Evangelist George Ade, who went up and down the state swinging Hoosiers into line by his eloquence and winning ways. Just what foreign portfolio will be assigned to the savior of his state is not yet determined, but Mr. Ade's Los Angeles friends will resent anything less attractive than the French ambassadorship, where George's Parisian French will be given a proper setting. Think of the rich material for future plays the ambassador-playwright might pick up on the boulevards! With Victorien Sardou's niche waiting to be filled, we urge upon President-elect Taft the claims of George Ade. Our slogan is, Remember Indiana!

In another column of this issue of The Graphic attention is called to the large number of card-holders in the Los Angeles public library, upward of 36,000 individuals availing themselves of the book privileges. This percentage of patrons is far larger than is recorded of San Francisco, and, in fact, greatly exceeds in volume that of any other city of its size in the country. In an-

other important particular Los Angeles leads—that of the Young Women's Christian association, which has passed the six thousand mark, and is now two thousand ahead in membership of any similar association in the world. In all modesty, the metropolis of Southern California is surely a hummer.

It is only fair to James McLachlan, elected to succeed himself in congress from the Seventh California district, to say that his majority over Judson Rush in the recent contest at the polls was a trifle in excess of 12,000, or fully a thousand more than he received two years ago. Considering the active campaign made by the Democratic nominee, this is no insignificant showing, but, as we pointed out several weeks ago, the Rush candidacy was neutralized to a large extent by the oppressive silence of the Times in regard to McLachlan's campaign. Its negative influence was always good for several thousand votes. However, his 1908 majority is not so flattering as that of 1906, as the statistics reveal. At that election, Governor Gillett polled 20,936 votes as against 12,937 for Bell, while McLachlan ran ahead of the ticket, with 22,338 to 11,197 for Laucks. In the 1904 election he received a total of 31,091 to Morton's 11,259, running well up to the presidential electors, the highest of whom was credited with 32,507. This year McLachlan's full vote was 39,896 as against 41,500 for the Taft electors, almost the same ratio as in 1904. In that election he was within 1,416 votes of the head of the ticket; this year he falls behind 1,604, or a difference of only 188 votes. But, whereas, in 1904 Morton was credited with 11,250, Judson Rush polled this year in excess of 27,000 votes, or a gain of 16,000 over the Democratic candidate of 1904; truly a significant showing. The total number of votes cast at this election (inofficial count) is 72,567 as against 48,938 in 1904, or an increase of 24,600. Of this increase McLachlan received about 7,850 and Rush 16,800. In other words, nearly two to one of the accretions in four years went to the Democratic candidate, thus making McLachlan's a Pyrrhic victory at best.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

Several San Francisco editors have been poking fun at Los Angeles because of the difference between the registered vote and the vote cast. If San Francisco is anxious to enter into such a game it must involve invidious comparisons. The San Francisco editors complain that, although Los Angeles boasted a registration in excess of 102,000, the vote actually cast was little more than fifty per cent of these figures. Their calculation, it may be noted, was based on deliberate misrepresentation. According to figures at hand two days after election, the number of votes polled in Los Angeles, city and county, for presidential electors was 72,580. Experience shows that a vote of 70 per cent of the registration is a good average. Now San Francisco, which has recently been pluming her feathers on a population of 507,000, according to calculations based on the city directory, only had a registration of 75,000 and cast 61,597. While it is true that of the vote registered San Francisco made a better showing at the polls than Los Angeles, the question still remains unanswered why, if San Francisco has a population of 507,000, so many citizens failed to register.

Mr. Hearst must view with considerable chagrin the impression made in San Francisco by the Independence party, flying wedges and all. Only 752 voters rallied to the support of Hisgen in Hearst's stronghold, and about 200 of these votes appear to have been garnered on account of the personal popularity of Al Murphy, who headed the Independence party's ticket. In Alameda county, Hisgen polled 717 votes out of a total of 33,265. It appears that the Independence party has thus written its own epitaph, so far as California is concerned. The total vote cast in the state, in round numbers, was 320,000. To preserve existence as a party it was necessary to poll three per cent. The Hearstites barely polled one-half of the necessary figure.

Alameda county gave the most modern voting machine a trial at the recent election and found it wanting. Complaints and confusion were reported in every precinct. Advocates of the machine claim that the dissatisfaction was caused by an insufficient supply. In only six out of one hundred and forty-three precincts was more than one machine used. They also point out that the ballot was unusually intricate. Even those who had taken the trouble to educate themselves in

using the machine found cause for grievous complaint on account of the annoying delay at the polls. In many precincts voters had to wait an hour before they could enter the booth. In the city of Alameda alone it is claimed that inefficient accommodations cut down the vote at least 1000. San Francisco, like Los Angeles, has a large supply of machines in cold storage and is likely to keep them there.

Since the excitement of the election has passed away the newspapers are endeavoring to create a diverting interest by fostering an epidemic of disappearing girls. The fog has been thick enough in the early morning lately for almost any notoriety-seeking damsel to lose herself. Dearth of news nowadays is no excuse for an uninteresting newspaper. If reporters fail to harvest sensations in their daily rounds, they can always be invented in a resourceful news factory.

Stuart O'Melveny, following in the footsteps of his distinguished sire, has earned the reputation of being the most eloquent and forceful debater in the University of California. Young O'Melveny is among those enthusiastic and self-sacrificing students who have sworn to let their beards grow should Stanford win the big football game Saturday.

"Ned" Greenway's long-sustained and undisputed supremacy as social arbiter and purveyor-in-chief of society's liquid refreshment is threatened on both flanks this winter. A number of dames of high degree have organized a series of cotillions, not in competition with, but in addition, to the Greenway dances. The "Colonials" will be held at the St. Francis, and Greenway will again hold the fort at the Fairmont. And now another scion of society, in the person of Willie O'Connor, is singing the praises and selling the cases of a rival brand of "buzz-water" to that so long and so brilliantly advocated by Greenway.

Professor Burt Estes Howard of Stanford lectured last Sunday evening before the Fellowship circle of San Francisco. His subject was "Defective Criminal Law." Among Dr. Howard's memorable epigrams was "Law, in order to be respected, must be respectable."

Another bank official has gone wrong. George W. Hopkins, cashier of the State Savings and Commercial bank, has embezzled several thousand dollars. It appears that the cashier's munificent salary was \$115 a month.

"Tag day" here last Saturday yielded the Children's hospital \$27,500, most of it, of course, being accumulated in dimes. "Joe" Chanslor, the oil magnate took the breath away in turn from three pretty "taggers" by purchasing his tags with three crisp one hundred dollar bills.

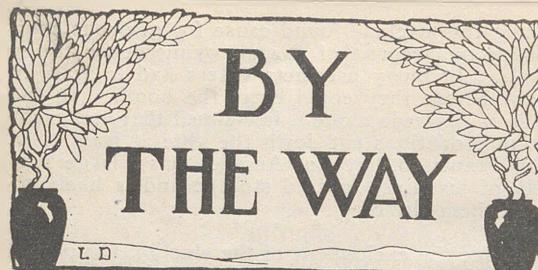
Willis Polk, the architect, has suggested that the city, instead of rebuilding the city hall on its present site, purchase the Fairmont hotel for a municipal building. The transformation of the stately structure into a serviceable municipal building would not, he urges, be costly, and a sufficient number of private baths could be reserved for all officials! The city could save three millions or so by such a transaction, and here would be an acropolis indeed.

Norman Nesbit, who in Los Angeles two years ago almost made the French language the fashion, and whose classes were "as good as a show," is duplicating his success in Oakland. The magnetic Nesbit, who aims to be "a flicker of light instead of a dab of darkness," is teaching and playing to crowded houses. More than five hundred pupils have been enrolled for his first course, and some of them are so enthusiastic that they attend the same lesson three times a day.

As I write, San Francisco is in the throes of another election, which will practically decide the future of her water supply. The supervisors are asking the people to vote a bond issue of \$600,000 to acquire from the federal government water rights in the Hetch-Hetchy valley as a preliminary step to the creation of a municipal water supply, the ultimate cost of which, it is estimated, will be \$43,000,000. On the election hangs the fate of the Spring Valley company which has been fighting for its life for the last quarter of a century or so. A furious campaign was waged in the newspapers for a few days preceding the election.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, Nov. 12.



Scientific Discoveries Promised

Throop institute, Pasadena, is to be felicitated on the great progress that splendid educational center is attaining under its new president, Professor Sherer, aided and abetted by an alert and enthusiastic board of trustees. One of its features of interest, planned for this winter, is a series of lectures in which George E. Hale, director of the Carnegie solar observatory on Mt. Wilson, is to take important part. It is hinted that in his two lectures Dr. Hale will reveal to his auditors at that time, stripped, however, of technical, scientific phrases, the gist of a number of remarkable discoveries he and his associates have made in their research work on Mt. Wilson in the last year. Exactly what these astronomical revelations are I cannot say, but those who know Dr. Hale well tell me that the modest and undemonstrative chief of the little body of scientists engaged on the summit of Mt. Wilson is himself astounded and appalled by the unfoldings that his study of the sun has bared.

Hint of Revelations to Come

That mystery known as sun spots, for example, about which astronomers have for so long wrangled and differed, Mr. Hale will clear up, he having demonstrated beyond cavil, their import and meaning. Another wonderful discovery he has made relates to the magnetic poles and in regard to these phenomena the eminent scientist has acquired exact information that upsets all pre-existing theories and, in fact, revolutionizes the scientific world. This is not idle gossip. The eyes of savants everywhere will shortly focus on the work of this retiring, unassuming gentleman who in addition to his research work on Mt. Wilson is greatly interested in the success of Throop institute, of which technological school he is a trustee.

Honors Gained by Dr. Hale

Mr. Hale—he dislikes the name of professor or doctor, although fully entitled to either prefix—has only just turned forty and for his discoveries in the past in his chosen field he has been accorded all the honors that his scientific brethren of Great Britain, France and continental Europe can bestow; the leading astrophysical institutions vying with each other to recognize his genius. His invention of the spectroheliograph, an instrument for photographing the solar prominences and other solar phenomena, has been given worldwide attention and its usage has become general in all centers where research work in the stellar firmament pertains. Mr. Hale was born in Chicago, the son of that Hale whose name was given to a well-known make of elevator. His home in Pasadena is ideally chosen, a splendid view of the big arroyo and hills beyond making it a superb residence spot.

Upsets Preconceived Ideas

With a beautiful wife and two charming children, a boy and a girl, and with a home replete with choice books, pictures and rare prints, he is as far removed from the popular notion of what an astronomical savant is like as can well be imagined. A delightful host, having a fund of travel stories at command, gained at first-hand, speaking and reading French, German and Italian, in which countries he has traveled extensively, and as witty as he is learned, to be included in his circle of friends is a privilege that I, for one, esteem highly. No wonder Mr. Carnegie is greatly pleased that part of his scientific fund is being expended through so able and modest a medium.

Japanese as Hosts

Frank Wiggins showed me a postal card the other day he had received from A. P. Griffin of Azusa, now in Japan, a member of the California chamber of commerce delegation, traveling in the land of the Mikado, as guests of the Japanese chamber of commerce. It is interesting to know that California sent about forty representatives, in response to the generous invitation extended by Japan, who are being so elaborately entertained that the entire delegation is almost embarrassed by the attentions showered upon them.

members. Mr. Griffin evidences this in his brief note to Mr. Wiggins. He writes: "Japan has put us under many obligations in trying to show us she is our friend and wants our friendship. Her attitude in the functions extended to us is 'please understand us!'

Southern California's Opportunity

"Here is a great opportunity for us," adds Mr. Griffin. "She wants our friendship and friendship will promote trade." An observation that Los Angeles cannot afford to overlook. However, this part of the state is well represented. In addition to Mr. Griffin, Los Angeles has sent J. J. Burgin, I. S. Merrill, A. C. Bilicke, and J. T. Fitzgerald. The two latter gentlemen are accompanied by their wives. The trip is likely to be the precursor of far-reaching results to California trade and is certain to bring about a better feeling and a better understanding between the two countries, this coast taking the initiative.

Are You a Joiner?

I am in receipt of a circular letter from the California society of New York, of which Marion De Vries is president and Colvin B. Brown, secretary, stating that the society is desirous of increasing and strengthening its membership with a view to perfecting a regular club organization, and owning or renting a club house. Ten dollars will provide for initiation fee and first year's dues and entitle the member to attend the annual banquet of the society. Two hundred new members are wanted in the state and a Californian, with a yearning for affiliation is invited to communicate with the secretary of the society at 9 East Twenty-third street, New York.

Dan Murphy's Delutherin' Ways

Dan Murphy added new laurels to his plethoric quiver, or whatever it is in which he stores his triumphs, by reason of the excursion he chaperoned last Saturday to the Portland Cement works at Colton, of which healthy institution he is the president. A train of seven coaches pulled out of the Santa Fe station at 12:30 and at 3 o'clock halted in front of the three giant stacks that make perfect draft for the revolving furnaces below, in which the lime rock is roasted to a crispy finish. In the party was a remarkable collection of Men Who Do Things—architects, engineers, contractors, railroad chiefs, chamber of commerce business men and the like—truly an impressive gathering. Upward of three hundred such were massed by the indomitable Dan Murphy, and that they cheerfully gave up their treasured Saturday half-holiday to see how cement is made at Colton, but proves the rarity of their host's delutherin' charms.

Tom Graham's Picturesque Simile

Dan Murphy, by the way, must tip the scale at or near twenty stone, as our English friends would say, but he never once let his two hundred and eighty pounds interfere with his duties as a leader, in the least. He bounded up the steep hill, following the quarry blasting—as my quietly observant friend, Tom Graham of the Southern Pacific, remarked, as he looked on, entranced—like a chamois pursued by a mountain lion, and his descent was equally graceful. One drop of ten feet he accomplished by aid of a home-made ladder. This he negotiated feet outward, being too much of a gentleman to turn his back on his guests, who stood by admiringly, and as he stepped off the last rung he whipped out his handkerchief and applied it to his perspiring face. It was a great feat.

McGee's Raid on Mince Pie

At Colton the townspeople did themselves proud. The Anderson hotel was turned over to the Los Angeles invaders, who proceeded to demolish the larder. I never saw a body of professional men eat so scandalously much as on that occasion. I saw, but no, I draw a veil over these gastronomical performances. Suffice it, that when Ed McGee of the Santa Fe sighed, as he finished his fourth piece of mince pie, "that's the best I ever tasted," we who had sampled about one-fourth as much heartily agreed with him, even if the pastry did not, later. I believe the good women of Colton furnished the banquet, which was both liberal in quantity and delightful in quality.

Selig and the Street Preacher

Following the repast, the Colton brass band regaled the visitors with popular airs, while around the musicians marched and counter-marched the surfeited guests, led by the irrepressible Frank Hudson, who had borrowed the band leader's bear skin cap and long baton. At the

farther end of the street, as a counter attraction, was an earnest itinerary preacher, with a little band of faithful women, exhorting sinners to turn from the error of their ways. I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that this corner seemed to have a powerful attraction for General Manager Selig of the Edison Electric company, who was with difficulty led away from the spot, when the oratory at the hall began.

Canning Factory in Midst

Many graceful compliments were passed and repassed on the platform. When I arrived, a gray-bearded gentleman with an aldermanic paunch was heard telling that "we have a canning factory in our midst," which rather startled me until I learned that he was referring, among other enterprises, to Colton, and that the "midst" included many more establishments, one of the most important of which was the Portland Cement company's works, at mention of which we all cheered lustily.

Honors to Myron Hunt

Myron Hunt, who is president of the Southern California branch of the American Institute of Architects, headed his delegation, and made a clever little speech in introducing Mr. Morgan, dean of architects in Southern California. Mr. Hunt, by the way, has just been notified of his election as a fellow of the American Institute of Architects, an unsolicited honor that, like the thirty-third degree in masonry, goes by careful selection and never by solicitation.

Former Berkeleyites at Big Game

Los Angeles is well represented at the big football game between Stanford and Berkeley today, contested on the state university's gridiron. Berkeley's alumni down here, many of whom have gone north to see the scrimmage, consider the chances good for the downfall of Stanford, whose colors have been victorious in the last four seasons. Among those who left Thursday afternoon and evening, to see the struggle, were Charley Seyler, jr., Gurney Newlin, Carl Klokke, Sam Haskins, Clark Briggs, Chester Moore, Carroll Stilson, and Gail Borden, the latter having half a dozen guests in his party. Sam Haskins used to play right end in the Berkeley team back in the 90's, and he believes the laurels this year will be wrested from Stanford. In case that prediction is verified, San Francisco will know what has happened before the night is over.

When Fielding Went Home

This year, Carroll Stilson traveled north without the chaperonage of his brother, Fielding, who, heretofore has done the honors. Apropos of this is a story, told on Carroll, which really is a good joke on his rather dignified elder brother. Last time they saw the football game together, Carroll was a junior in college and Fielding went north to renew former college associations prior to the Saturday event. After the game, which was the climax of a week of pleasure taking, Fielding left for home. Returning from the station, Carroll dropped into the Palace hotel, where a score of young Los Angelans were holding down the lid. They greeted his arrival gaily, which quickly changed to roars of laughter when Carroll exclaimed, "Say, fellows, I've been with Fielding all week; let's have some fun tonight!"

Talmage's Queer Breaks

I understand that A. A. Talmage, who was arrested Monday on the charge of attempting extortion from Dr. R. D. Robinson, to whom he owed a bill for dentistry, has been making strenuous efforts of late to replenish his bank account. To a friend of mine, a prominent stock broker, he offered a half interest in the profits of a fifty-thousand dollar transaction that he had just consummated, providing that my friend would advance him \$5,000 in cash. Failing in that, he proposed to another member of the stock exchange that he trade checks with him for \$3,500, the local man to get a check on a Salt Lake bank for his cash voucher. But this, also, was turned down.

Vestrymen Reject Fortune

Talmage was formerly a vestryman at St. Paul's pro-cathedral, resigning his office last June, I believe. I am told that several of the vestrymen serving with him have had an opportunity to share in his financial transactions, providing they would advance the sum stipulated, but all declined to nibble at the bait. What possessed Talmage to try to extort \$150 from his dentist in so crude a manner, after playing for thousands, is the wonder of his former associates. A char-

itable view is that the club man and oil company manager is not enjoying the mental poise that was his wont.

Public Library Gets Busy

In abolishing the red tape that formerly hedged about the public library, cardholders entitled to privileges of the library have averaged an increase of 594 monthly, or four hundred per cent in excess of the former gain. In September, the additions were 659, and in October, 806, as compared with 117 under the old rules. November 1, 34,464 residents of Los Angeles were enrolled as live cardholders in the public library. This is far in excess of the registration in San Francisco, and probably breaks all records in the United States in proportion to population, and still Mr. Carnegie gives no evidence that he knows Los Angeles is on earth and without a library building. I have the authority of City Librarian Lummis to say that more books were "accessioned" in October than in any month in the whole history of the library—the total reaching 2,750.

Southwest Museum's Unique Collection

Three floors above the public library, in the big building at the corner of Eighth and Broadway, where upward of 3,000 square feet of floor space has been assigned, rent free, for two years by the Hamburgers, is now housed the nucleus of the Southwest Museum, which has been incorporated, with Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee as president. The collections, which are numerous and unique, have been transferred from the Pacific Electric building this week and are open to the public, without charge, every day between 2 and 4 o'clock p.m. No student of his country's early history in the southwest should fail to visit these temporary quarters which are in charge of Dr. F. M. Palmer, the curator, whose knowledge of prehistorics ranks second to none in the country.

Recent Valuable Acquisitions

Dr. J. A. Munk has recently donated to the museum his library of Arizoniana, reputed to be the most complete one extant. A beautiful and remarkable collection of jade ornaments from Mexico is another attraction. A third new addition of importance is the valuable Dony collection from the cliffdweller region, presented to the museum by James Slauson, of the executive committee of the Southwest society. I am glad to learn that the executive committee has arranged to purchase the wonderful Bowers collection of Southern California archaeology. Now, where is the loyal son of the southwest who will erect the first main building for the museum on its own grounds out in Garvanza, to be ready for occupancy in 1910?

Noted Scholar at Santa Monica

What adult doesn't recall with mixed thrills the famous McGuffey readers of schoolboy days? Their author was Dr. McGuffey, and his son-in-law, Dr. Andrew D. Hepburn, also a ripe scholar, is now a resident of Southern California, having recently come to Santa Monica from Miami university, Oxford, Ohio, where he was professor emeritus of the English language and literature. Dr. Hepburn is author of the Hepburn Rhetoric, which is a standard work in this subject and is used in Christ's Church college, Oxford university, England. He is a graduate of Washington and Jefferson seminary. His post-graduate work was done in the University of Virginia and in the University of Boston. After serving for a time as pastor of a prominent Presbyterian church in the south, he began his professorial career in the University of North Carolina. He was three years president of Miami University, and eight years president of Davison college. Forty years ago, he began his work as professor of the English language and literature in Miami University, and retired last June on an allowance granted by the Carnegie Foundation, in recognition of his distinguished services in the world of scholarship. Professor Hepburn's advent in Santa Monica should prove a delightful addition to the social and literary circles of Southern California.

Book Trade of Coast Increasing

As an evidence of the increasing importance of the book trade on the Pacific coast is the determination of the big Chicago publishing house of A. C. McClurg & Co. to establish a depository at San Francisco, whence the entire coast from Vancouver to San Diego may be supplied, together with interior points, southeast to Phoenix and El Paso and east to Salt Lake City. In charge of this supply and publicity branch will be S. L. Willard, one of the best-informed book men, from the publishing end, in the business. For upward of twenty-five years Mr. Willard has been with

McClurg & Co., from the days when Jansen & McClurg sold books on State street in the 80's. He has been coming to the coast for a number of years and is most favorably regarded by local booksellers. Mr. Willard was in Los Angeles this week, on his way north and he found it difficult to get his wife and son to leave, the few days of their stay having engendered the usual desire for permanent residence. Mr. Willard may decide to buy a small ranch in the Santa Clara valley, making his headquarters in San Francisco.

Judge Wilbur as an Author

I am greatly interested in a circular letter sent out by Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of the supreme court of Los Angeles county announcing his intention of publishing a book of short stories for little children entitled "The Bear Family at Home, and How the Circus Came to Visit Them." Several of these stories have appeared in St. Nicholas magazine and in the Examiner of this city. The book will be illustrated by local artists and by a staff artist of St. Nicholas, and the mechanical work is promised to be first-class. It is to be issued in plenty of time for the holiday trade and is designed as a suitable present for a child between two and twelve. Judge Wilbur adds that in the event that the book is not entirely satisfactory from every point of view the purchase price—one dollar—will be cheerfully refunded.

Bear and Bible Stories

With this guarantee from the author there should be a wide and ready response to the jurist's invitation to subscribe for a copy of the Bear Family at Home. The stories related were first told to the small Wilburs; they aim to entertain, but also to instruct, in facts of natural history, inculcating, too, ideas of kindness, politeness and co-operation and particularly the necessity of implicit obedience to parents. The judge suggests that fathers and mothers gifted with imaginative powers can elaborate and extend the story of the "little bear that did not mind his papa." Bible stories are included with the bear stories, but whether or not that fascinating story of the two she-bears who emerged from the woods—presumably in response to Elisha's call—and tare forty and two children of them who had mocked the prophet, the circular letter does not state. No matter; I am convinced the children will be vastly entertained and instructed even if this "bluggy" story is omitted. I hope the Bible and Bear story book will meet with a large sale.

Overheard at the Rescue Home

Several young women, who form part of Los Angeles' most exclusive society circles, chanced to be present at one of the evening meetings of a Rescue home, in the neighborhood of East First street, a few nights ago. They have taken quite an interest in the work and were invited to see for themselves the practical good accomplished. They listened with deep interest to the experiences recounted by the score or more of men who stood up to tell of the helping hand extended that had lifted them from the mire. They were particularly impressed by the recital of one man, who, with rude strength of earnestness, told how he had sunk so low that he had to reach up to touch bottom. The various types of rescued men, many of whom had evidently been accustomed to the good things of life in former days, were closely scanned. One face fascinated them. They pointed the owner out to their chaperon and wonderingly asked how it was possible that a man with so kindly and cultured a physiognomy could have come to such a pass. Their mentor smiled, as he recognized the object of their solicitude. "O, that is Judge Wilbur," he explained. "He often drops in here to talk with the men and advise with us." The new recruits ventured no more questions that evening.

Patriarchal Judge Carpenter

One of the patriarch lawyers of this city is Judge R. B. Carpenter, who prior to a few days ago, might have been seen almost daily tottering along on either Spring street or Broadway. Judge Carpenter has been extremely feeble in recent years. He never occupied the superior court bench in San Francisco or elsewhere in this state as was published recently, but was for two terms, I believe, a member of the state senate from Los Angeles county, where he proved, probably, the best debater ever sent to the upper house in Sacramento, from this section. Judge Carpenter must be nearly eighty-five years old, at this time, and a more generous-hearted foe or sincere friend never lived. He was always openly for what he

believed to be the right, no matter how unpopular it might have been regarded at the time. An exceptionally capable lawyer, the judge for a long time numbered among his clients the Western Union Telegraph company, the Pullman Palace Car company, and other important corporations in the state. There are scores of youngsters in the law in Northern as well as Southern California who owe more than one good turn to him at crucial points in their careers.

Cartwright Act May Get It

Judge Wilbur's decision upholding the Cartwright law confirms my belief that the legislators-elect are pretty certain to attempt tall tinkering with this same Cartwright act that was placed upon the statute books in the last session by a fluke. How the new law can be repealed without such action raising a storm is not easy to forecast at this time. But bureaus, maintained by corporations for such a purpose, have a habit of turning up smiling when least expected, and problems much more complicated have been solved by just such an agency. Meanwhile, it is more than probable there will be an appeal from the Wilbur decision.

Glover Widney Convalescent

After a long siege of typhoid fever Glover P. Widney, vice-president of the Southern California Music company, is on the mend and, barring unforeseen complications, he may be expected to resume his duties by the end of the month. Glover has had a hard siege. He was taken ill at San Ysidro, in Santa Barbara county, and only the most assiduous care by his devoted wife, assisted by trained nurses, together with fine medical attendance, pulled him through. His illness took off about forty-five pounds of Widney flesh, but the bones remain intact and with an appetite that grows more ravenous daily, Glover will soon replace the lost avordupois. He has been greatly missed from club life and also from his business.

Tip to Hotel Men

Club members have been receiving cleverly worded personal letters from Manager Everett of the new Hotel Savoy at Seattle, so unlike the usual advertising formula, that I feel like rewarding Mr. Everett's originality by reprinting one that came addressed to me. It reads:

There is no cuckoo clock on the stairs, and if you come to see us you can stay up as early as you wish. Our front door is always open. The Savoy is the "club man's hotel" of the town. Our slogan, "twelve stories of solid comfort," is very illustrative. We will show you that it is true from the wine cellar to the electric sign on the roof. We have many a cozy nook in the house for solid comfort taking. The English grill is really English; English prints on the walls; English dishes served,—even the waiters speak English. The library, with a good stenographer, is another feature. Also a model, sanitary barber shop, with manicurist in attendance; a beautiful mahogany bar with expert doctors and good medicine back of it; 210 rooms, 135 baths. Some of the latter are needle showers. These are a fine point with us; no matter how you feel when you get up, a dash in one of them will make you feel that you want beefsteak for breakfast, and by the way, our chief, M'Domarique, is from Monte Carlo and knows the club man's taste in cookery. The surrounding scenery is beyond words. It is a combination of the Bay of Naples and the snow-capped Alps. As to the city it is a hustling busy place all day, and at night, when the hundreds of electric signs are lighted, it's like "little old Broadway." You are sure to find some of the old crowd stopping here. Come on—you can pick up enough business in one day to pay a week's expenses. We'll meet you at the station and show you a good time.

That letter will get business. English grill, English prints and waiters that speak English. Reserve us a front room, with a bawth, please. Mr. Everett.

Gautama's Sweet Tooth

In the current number of the Century Path, that philosophical journal published at Point Loma for the promulgation of theosophy and uplift of humanity, is a fine half-tone reproduction of the temple of the Sacred Tooth, at Kandy, India. The peculiar appropriateness of the resting place of a tooth which, doubtless in Gautama's earlier years, knew the delights of sweet things, is apparent. It is regretted that a likeness of the sacred relic did not accompany the temple half-tone, but seeing that the dental masterpiece rests in the inner one of six golden caskets, the difficulty of taking a snap-shot is patent.

A NATIVE SON
SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

VI. (Continued)

Philip took the man's name and later sent the old fellow a handsome sum of money; more, probably, than his son would have saved in twenty years. But the accident, although two weeks old, marred the pleasure of the strike. It was blood money, truly.

Early next morning Philip and Clayte toiled up the mountain side and penetrated the bowels of the Buena Vista. The owner shuddered when his superintendent held aloft a candle to show where the rock had fallen that cost Pedro his life. The huge mass still lay on the ground, impulsive, rich with mineral, mutely suggesting the perils to which are subjected those who seek to wrest the treasures placed by the giant forces of nature.

At the foot of the trail Philip found Babe impatiently pawing the soil. One of the boys from above had been sent down to feed and water her the night previous and he had rubbed her vigorously with wisps of straw until her black coat glistened.

It was good to be in motion again, to feel her eager life beneath him.

VII. Working For the Master

"Don't fail to call on Old Man Faxon," Clayte had urged as the two separated at the top of the trail. "He'll be disappointed if you leave the canyon without seeing him."

Philip recalled his first encounter with the quaint character mining on the flat below. He was a queer little fellow afflicted with a mild form of religious dementia, whose shack stood on a bar of the river, known as Sharpe's Flat. His affliction hurt no one, least of all its victim, yet, years before, soon after his advent in the canyon, the authorities had ordered him sent to the asylum at Napa for the "protection" of the community. He had told Philip of this outrage at their initial meeting. No trace of resentment lay in his voice as he related the circumstances.

"They handcuffed me to the car," he explained, "and the deputy sheriff sat behind and smoked. Two men came in and took a seat near us. One wanted to know what crime I had committed and presently began to ridicule the scriptures. I stood it as long as I could and then asked permission to tell a story. They told me to 'fire away.' I said:

"Many years ago a number of passengers were riding on a stage coach toward Philadelphia. One young man, in the course of conversation, declared his disbelief in the Bible and in particular derided the account of David killing Goliath, which he insisted was a physical impossibility.

"Finally a Quaker spoke up. 'I see no reason to doubt this story, friend. If Goliath's head was as soft as thine, David easily might have slain the giant.'

"At this the two men fell to laughing and one shouted to the other, 'Fairly caught, fairly caught.' Now what do you say?"

Continuing, the gentle old man, with his clean, but faded blue overalls and cotton shirt said: "They only kept me in the asylum six weeks. The doctor admitted I might just as well have gone away next day, but it had cost the county \$100 to send me there, he explained, and it wouldn't look well to shoot me right back."

Since making his acquaintance three years before, Philip had enjoyed several brief chats with the cheery little miner and at his previous visit had left his loose silver coin on the pine table in his cabin. Occasionally, he had Angie pack a box of good things for the recluse, whose diet consisted principally of prunes and dried apples, which were speared from the cold water bath in which they lay.

Philip forded the swift-flowing San Gabriel three times before he reached the bar on the rising ground of which stood Faxon's dilapidated cabin.

Tying the mare in the shade of a big, live oak he loosened the saddle and strode down to the tunnel, where the old man worked all alone.

Sounds of singing directed his steps to a cutting ten feet in the conglomerate rock, at the farther end of which Philip saw the pathetic little figure of Faxon seated on an empty candle box, iron gad in one hand and hammer in the other,

pausing in his work. In a curiously quavering, although not unmusical voice, he was singing, "How Firm a Foundation ye Saints of the Lord."

His visitor halted at the entrance. The singer's head was uncovered, his eyes evidently were closed; he was in an ecstasy of praise worship. When he reached the fifth stanza, Philip was conscious of a great respect for the anchorite and mechanically doffed his hat as he heard:

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;

And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

"Here's a sure enough lamb," thought the listener, as he noted the thin, scanty locks of hair and white beard. "What a picture of guilelessness!"

He waited until the hymn was ended and then, stooping, entered the four-foot tunnel.

"I enjoyed that song, Mr. Faxon," said Philip, extending his hand. "How is the work progressing?"

"Slowly, slowly, Mr. Northrup. Ten feet since the first of March; one foot a week. But it's mostly in hard syenite and 'porfry,' and the gad and hammer are my only tools."

His faded blue eyes matched perfectly the faded blue overalls he wore. But they were turned steadily on the visitor and there was no bitterness in his voice.

"You are sure you'll find the pocket?" Philip queried.

"O, yes; the Master has shown it to me," was the quiet, decisive answer.

"How much farther must you dig?"

"About eight feet just this side of my other tunnel. The Master says it lies in a hole shaped like the letter U and this ditch ought to land me right in it."

"But you have been mistaken before," ventured Philip, reflecting on the many tunnels pierced by the old man in his long search for the hidden treasure.

"Not mistaken," was the cheery response, "only tempted. The Master was trying my faith, that's all. I didn't understand it at first, but I do now. It was necessary to drain the ground to get at the pocket and all this preliminary work was for that purpose. I shall find it all right. The Master has told me so."

"When does He talk to you?"

"O, mostly in the morning, early, just at daybreak. I close my eyes and hear the Voice as plainly as I hear yours. He tells me each day where to work and what to do. I don't have to worry about anything; He directs me every day."

"Has He told you how long you must wait before you find the gold?"

"Yes, indeed. When I came here twenty-five years ago He gave me the word. That was right after I was converted. He told me to go to my people in Massachusetts and work for nineteen years until my children were grown and then come back here."

"I'm a gardener and used to earn good wages. We lived at Wellesley and I took care of the college grounds. My two daughters were educated there and one was married there and went to Boston to live. The other daughter is cashier in a store now and takes care of her mother. One son is dead, the other married. They didn't want me to leave again, but the Master ordered me. He says we must forsake all to follow Him. But they don't forget me, though," he added.

"How long is it since you came back?"

"Four years and a half."

"Were you converted there?"

"O, no, here. I'll show you the spot of ground where I prayed for four days and nights," said the old man, rising eagerly.

Philip motioned him back to his seat on the other candle box he had brought into the tunnel with his company came.

"I was a doubter; I used to smoke and drink, and sometimes swear," he confessed, with downcast eyes. "One time I was digging under a tree that used to stand on the bank, before the channel changed. I was told by a passing miner that I might find gold there. I dug for five days. Three times the quicksand poured in and almost buried me, but I stuck to it. At bed rock I found about five cents in gold. O, I was mad! I cried out: 'Is there a God in heaven to give a poor man no encouragement whatever?'

"That night I began to feel lonely for the first time. I was afraid to go into the cabin. I slept out in my blanket under the big tree where your horse stands."

"Next day I couldn't work, I was that wretched. The second night I heard the Voice say 'Faxon, you've had a good home, a good family. Have you ever thanked me?'

"I hadn't. It made me desperate. I was so

afraid of doing myself injury that I took my clasp knife and threw it behind me, so's I couldn't find it. I didn't eat a bite for four days. I couldn't; I just drank water. The fifth night I was feeling awfully sick and low-spirited when the Voice told me to get up and eat a plenty. I did. At daybreak I went out doors and knelt down and the Voice said 'Faxon, go out in the stream and be baptized. The Holy Spirit will be there with you.'

"I obeyed. I stripped off everything and waded out in the San Gabriel to the east shore, where it was deeper. I dipped under three times. The last time I stood up I felt as if a big load had been lifted from me and the Voice said, 'Faxon, as far as the East is from the West, so far have you put your sins from you.'

"O, but I was happy! I leaped, I shouted, I cried, I laughed! My heart was so light, my feet seemed to tread air. My sins were forgiven. I was free!

"Then the Master began to take charge. He came to me night and day and when He said 'Go back home,' I went. At the end of nineteen years He said, 'Faxon, return to San Gabriel and resume your work. What ye shall find ye shall use for my people.'

"One day the Voice said, 'Go dig on the bank.' I sunk a hole six feet deep and took out eighteen cents to the pan. At bed rock I had found \$4.50 in gold."

"That was how long ago?" asked Philip.

"Four years."

"And how much have you taken out since?"

"Not any," answered the little fellow, briskly. "The Master isn't ready to have me leave Him yet."

"But you're sure you'll find the pocket?"

"As sure as you sit there with that stick in your hand," was the quiet reply.

"How much will there be?"

"The Master has shown me \$5,000. It may be larger. If it's a million I'll go back and have the best garden on the Cape Cod coast; I shan't need much of it; all the rest is to be spent as the Master directs."

"Has He told you about the garden?"

"Many times. I am to buy a place at Truro, owned by a retired sea captain. It's about two acres and will cost \$2,500."

"Have you seen the place?"

"O, yes, the Master has shown it to me in a vision."

"Sometimes," he continued, with a melancholy air, "I am tempted. I see all kinds of money in that pocket and I know Satan is bothering me. But I begin to sing aloud and that soon drives away the evil spirit."

"How old are you, Mr. Faxon?"

"Seventy-one."

"Have you had much experience in mining?"

"No; I don't need it. The Master shows the way."

"Doesn't it tire you to sit there all day holding the gad and pounding away with that heavy hammer?"

"Fast days, I get tired. You see, every Tuesday and Friday I skip the noon meal for good discipline. As I go to work at four in the morning I get sort o' faint toward evening and feel depressed. Then I quit for a while and walk up the trail where all the pretty wild flowers are. That is restful and seems to help me."

Philip's heart yearned toward the tender, little old man possessed by the Master. He thought of the "meal" that was "skipped": the watery prunes, the slices of dried apples, the sour bread in the iron pot that served as cupboard. But there was no need for pity; the sublimity of a

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great faith was in the quavering voice, the spirit of the Master lurked behind those faded blue orbs.

They walked over the rocky, gravelled ground which was criss-crossed below with small tunnels. Faxon pointed out the spot where he found his first and only pocket. "From there," he explained, "I was told to dig an open tunnel north to the wall, all along the hard pan. It wasn't shown me that I'd find anything, so I wasn't disappointed."

"Then the Voice said to tunnel under for twenty feet and I did. I didn't have the right tools and it took many months," he explained, "but Mr. Anderson—your Mr. Anderson—lent me a pointed gad one day and the Power company's engineer let me have a square one, which helped lots."

"I've tunneled east and west, north and south, just as the Master has shown me, and now after twenty-five years I am close to the pocket." The old man's eyes brightened, his voice fell, his spare form trembled visibly, as he dwelt upon the culmination of his work.

"Philip told him he expected to be away for two months, perhaps longer; 'but I shall see you as soon as I return,' he added.

"Maybe not," was the reply. "In eight weeks I ought to reach the pocket; that's the time set by the Master and He'll not fail me."

"How do you think I ought to get away?" he asked, wistfully, after a few minutes of silence. "You see a great many have heard of my work and there'll be a lot of bad men watching for me as I go out."

"I think," he continued, brightening, "I'll buy a pair of goggles for a disguise and travel out of the canyon by moonlight. I once thought I'd use a feigned name for safety, but the Master said not to, so I gave that up. You see, He allows me to ask questions."

"Once I got lost up the canyon, when I was crossing the mountains. But bless you, I didn't worry. I just dropped on my knees and asked the Master to direct me and when I got up I walked straight ahead till I struck the trail. O, He takes good care of me."

They had entered the cabin which had been built years before by an old bachelor who had given his name to the bar. It consisted of two rooms of fair size and an attic chamber. It was said the original owner had been engaged to a pretty Mexican girl for whom he had prepared the

nest. When it was ready she jilted him for a younger man and in the nineteen years of Faxon's absence he washed the sand and made trails up the canyon. He died just before the Master ordered Faxon to return, leaving the cabin as a heritage.

There were no chairs. A cot bed in the big room and a pine table in the smaller one constituted the furniture, save for a wooden bench.

Philip made a little pile of silver dollars at one end and his host smiled pleasantly.

"I'm in the twiceties," he observed. "Last year a man came by and left me a pair of overalls. This spring he drove past again on his way to Potter's camp and he tossed me another pair—just when I most needed 'em, too."

"Last time you came you gave me three dollars and you didn't know that I hadn't had much to eat for five days. That was to humble me, the Master said. Now, when I was wondering who the Master would send, here you are again."

He stood on the bench and reaching into a dilapidated knapsack, depending from a hook, took out a small book.

"I wish you'd carry this home with you as a keepsake, Mr. Northrup," he urged. "It's been a great blessing to me."

"All right, Mr. Faxon, I shall prize it," said Philip. "Here, write your name in it."

In a shaky hand, for which he apologized, explaining it was because of the use of the gad and hammer, he wrote on the fly leaf: "To my friend, Mr. Northrup, from Joseph John Faxon." Philip added the date, "Sharpe's Flat, San Gabriel Canyon." Then he said goodbye, mounted his resolute mare and rode off.

It was a copy of Professor Drummond's essays which the little miner had pressed upon him. The dearest treasure, next to the Bible, he possessed.

VIII. On the California Limited

Among Philip's final instructions to Angie was a reminder to send a weekly supply of wholesome food to the lone worker at Sharpe's Flat.

"Ain't he got no folks?" inquired his housekeeper, solicitously.

"Yes, back east, but I imagine they don't realize his condition. To them, working in a 'gold mine' suggests anything but poverty. No doubt they send him presents, occasionally, but there are

times when he goes hungry." So Angie promised to forward a big basket every week, without fail.

A note from a young lawyer, also a graduate of Berkeley, but of a much later class than his own, and a member of the same college fraternity, gave him much pleasure.

"I leave for Denver on the Santa Fe Friday afternoon," wrote Hubert Vaughn, "and I see by the Pullman chart we are in the same car. That's jolly; we'll have a prime time together. Only wish I were going through with you. Hope to see you at the club dinner, Thursday night."

Philip was fond of Hubert. The younger man was an arrant joker, as volatile and exuberant a spirit as a youngster of twenty-four well may be who has health, good looks and a big prospective practice in his father's law office. Certainly, the trip was opening auspiciously.

Faustino drove him into town Thursday afternoon. He left his steamer trunk and dress suit case at LaGrande station and carried his satchel to the club, where he had bachelor apartments. While Philip was not much of a club man he took a just pride in the handsome five-story, gray stone building, fronting on a pretty park, in which the club was housed. Not San Francisco with all its wealth, could show finer quarters. To play dominoes or porasso at the California was a privilege, indeed.

His purpose in reaching the city a day ahead of train time was dual. First, to give instructions to his stenographer and office man regarding the rents and other routine estate business to be cared for in his absence; second, to attend the monthly dinner of the University club of which he was a director. It was a gathering he never missed when he was within reasonable distance.

That evening the president of a big eastern university was to be the honored guest and to Philip was assigned the pleasurable duty of meeting him at his hotel and escorting him to the club house. As they entered the reception room the assembled members rose en masse and in concert gave the well-known college yell that the visiting "prexy" had heard so often on his own university campus. A gratified smile wreathed his kindly face at this characteristic welcome and

[To be Continued]

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



To psychologists, "My Life," by Josiah Flynt, should be as interesting a human document as any of his contributions on tramping have been to criminologists. It is an intimate account of himself from his earliest conscious years, and is peculiarly uncolored by his later experiences; modest also, to a degree, in his estimate of his place among those who have blazed the way along the paths of human progress.

He has written out his soul, as it was, for the reader to draw his own conclusions and the inevitable conclusion is the pitifulness of it all. The victim of a strange wanderlust, it carried him up and down the entire social scale, from the Weariest Willie, hitting the road, to converse with Tolstoy and Ibsen, and the intimate friendship of writers and scholars everywhere. A man of brilliant mental qualities, yet he could enter trampdom on a perfect equality with its citizens, and died from the excessive use of stimulants, meanwhile keeping a childlike trustfulness and a soul singularly untouched by evil.

Mr. Flynt, in his Foreword, says: "What I am going to do as a passionate explorer of Die Ferne—the ever-disappearing Beyond—has been done for all time, so far as the Under-World is concerned. The game is over and the dealer retires. My dead Self I hereby put aside, and begin afresh with a new world. The old Self died hard. I can hear its bones rattling yet. But there came a time when it had to go, and now that I know that it is really gone, that tomorrow morning, for instance, to find peace and contentment for the day it will not be necessary for me to take up my staff and go nervously through the same antics and searchings as of old, a sweet satisfaction steals over me and I am glad to be alive. This book puts a finish for the present, at any rate, on all that I have heretofore written about the Under-World, and sums up what I won and lost during my wanderings.

Before his own story was finished the end came for him, the terrible inevitable end of the inebriate. He contracted pneumonia and after sharp suffering, died Jan. 20, 1907. His first runaway trip was taken while he was still in dresses. His nurse having punished him severely for a slight offense, left him to do an errand. He was seized with a desire to run away and fled down the lane to the main street of the village. Here a police officer found him and locked him up for safe keeping until his parents claimed him. He says no later escapade ever brought him quite the same fine shade of satisfaction. This was at Evanston, Ill., in 1873.

Evanston was for many years the stronghold of Methodism in the middle west. It was settled by pious New Englanders and middle New Yorkers. His mother was the daughter of a professor in the local theological institute, his father, Oliver Atherton Willard, a brilliant man, the editor of a Chicago daily paper. His paternal grandmother, Madame Willard, was a pious and stately dame, long a notable figure, and his aunt, Frances Willard, too well known to need comment. His environment was of the sternest virtuous type, but "narrow, prudish and selfish," he calls the system, later. His parents required of him what other parents of their station required of their children, but he was imaginative, a wanderer by instinct, sensitive and shy by nature. For the slightest lapses he was severely whipped by his father, until he decided that since the punishment must come he would get his quid pro quo, so pelfering and lying became bolder.

His mother once scrubbed his mouth for saying "Gee!" but, alas, it was after he had learned to swear in earnest and smoke cigarettes hidden in sand caves on the lake shore, quite unbeknown to his pious relatives. His father dying when the child was eight, his mother became the wage-earner and he was left in the care of a governess all day during her absence in the city. It is easy to see how the Wanderlust grew upon him, lonely, not understood and imaginative, as he was.

After a series of schools and runaways, he finally ended in a reform school in Pennsylvania, from which he escaped and began his real tramping with "Gay Cats" and hoboes. This lasted eight months, when he determined to join his mother, who had engaged in educational work in Berlin. He worked his way as a coal-passenger in the engine room of the Elbe, sailing to Bremerhaven, and from there tramped to Berlin, which he entered at one o'clock at night, ragged, dirty and penniless, but having turned his face permanently toward decent living. Heredity here seemed to triumph over early associations, and he began the rich, studious years that made him the friend and companion of Arthur Symons and the men of letters of his day in London, Germany and America.

He had a passionate curiosity for and interest in human beings, and he followed wherever it led. He lived with tramps, not to study them for literary purposes, or artistic purposes, but to understand them. It was not the poetic vagabondia of Villon, of Richard Hovey, or Bliss Carmen, but the tramp of the water tank along the railroad, and he accepted the life, all of it, dirt, begging and discomforts, with a heartiness that convinced his companions. Afterward, he did detective service for railroads and police, pursuing the criminals who had once been his friends with the same zest that he had felt in tramping with them. This new work, doing for pay what he had before done for love, led swiftly to the end—he earned more money than was good for him, and as his orders and opportunities increased, his ability to fill them seemed to melt out of his grasp.

His one steadfast idea to the end was a passionate love of his mother, which included a desire to "make good" with his articles. A curious, contradictory nature, which fulfilled its destiny in the face of conventionality—respectability even—but it was his form of culture, his self-development and "was perfect of its kind," says Symons, who writes the introduction to the book. An added chapter by Alfred Hodder tells of his wonderful personal magnetism and his gift of conversation. "He scattered treasures of anecdote and observation as Aladdin of the wonderful lamp orders his slave to scatter gold pieces." He further says, he had "got up" all the accepted literature of criminology, but five minutes of Flynt's talk turned the books into rubbish. Five hours' stroll made him forget that the rubbish existed. Flynt paid with his person, but he won merited distinction as a criminologist. He made real and human the vast army of the misplaced, those whom the world calls tramps. ("My Life." By Josiah Flynt. The Outing Publishing Co.) M. H. C.

"Wander Songs"

There are many who write verses passably well, but few who write poetry, genuine poetry, these materialistic days. John McGroarty is a true singer. He sings in rhythmic measures as naturally and as entertainingly as a mockingbird emits its clear, pure notes on the still night air. Los Angeles is rich in literary talent and Mr. McGroarty's talents are of the first order. His "Wander Songs," just received, fully evidence this assertion. They are redolent of the California hills, the valleys, and the good gray sea of the Pacific. The first stanza of "The King's Highway," "El Camino Real" of the padres of blessed memory, which opens the collection, gives the keynote to the contents:

All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the king's highway;
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

It is a fascinating bit of lilting verse, and the one, by the way, that first attracted this reviewer to the singer, marking him as more than a mere verse maker. "Just California" will appeal to every son or daughter of the coast, native or otherwise, who comes across it:

Twixt the seas and the deserts,
Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves;
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,

"The Red City"

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Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

One could have wished Mr. McGroarty had discarded the use of "twixt," of which emasculated word he is so fond as to indulge in repetition. It is submitted that

Between the seas and deserts,

Between the wastes and waves,
would read much more smoothly and quite as poetically as the awkward "twixt," and it is hoped the second edition of the book will correct this lapse. It is because his work is so uniformly good that any evidence of a departure is resented. Particularly breezy is "The Hills of Santa Cruz," where in springtime the Creator of them took the poet and—

He set me on the hills, on the topmost hill of all,
And I heard the morning winds and far sea-breakers call.

I heard the winds a-singing from the lands and waters met,
An' I live a thousand years, oh I never can forget.

Again, "In San Joaquin," the ghostly cottonwoods, the moody owls, the wail of the gaunt coyotes, the cry of the wild geese and the beating of their gray wings form a perfect picture in the star-dust of the sky. Then comes—
The glad dawn, deep in white mists steeped,

Breathed on the day's hushed lyre,
And far the dim Sierras leaped
In living waves of fire.

This is California. "In Monterey" is hymned a graceful tribute to a kindly old man who assisted the Master Singer. Robert Louis Stevenson, in the days when the Prince of Dreamers lingered sick and poor in the cradle of California. "The Bay of San Diego in the Land of Heart's Desire" is another delightful lyric, which is subtly reminiscent in swing of the Celtic poet Fiona Macleod, with whose songs, no doubt, the Los Angeles Celtic poet is familiar. But the handling is his own.

There is "The Call of California," "The Bell of Dolores," and the strong and virile "Rough Riders," which the poet read at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Captain ("Bucky") O'Neill, in the plaza, at Prescott, Arizona, July 3, 1907. "The Pathway of the Seas," "The Gray Day She Died," and "The Seven Glens" are in Mr. McGroarty's best vein, but where the vein is so wide and so full of pure gold it is hard to be invidious. Every loyal Californian, every lover of outdoors and especially every Los Angelan, should hasten to buy a copy of "Wander Songs" and enjoy to the utmost the melodious singing of the author. ("Wander Songs." By John S. McGroarty. Grafton Pub. Co.) S. T. C.

"A Little Land and a Living"

When, three years ago, Bolton Hall addressed himself to the reading public, in "Three Acres and Liberty," on the possibilities of intensive farming in its relation to the individual and to the national well-being, he met such a ready response that he was encouraged, at the earnest solicitation of William Borsodi, to emphasize the message in less technical form, with the result that "A Little Land and a Living," presenting the "back to the land" idea in a most practical as well as novel and attractive dress, is now ready.

Unlike the majority of writers on this ever-recurring remedial sociolog-

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ical measure, Mr. Hall applies the theory without an upheaval of the present day economic structure. He shows a way by which the man who is struggling along in the pinched, narrow confines of the city tenement may, by cooperation, get away to a broader life, with a possibility of making more than a mere existence; while the man of moderate means may hope to attain to a competence. He contrasts the actual conditions to be encountered in both city and country life with the balance tipping in favor of the latter, with the later day improvements.

From the modest truck garden of the poor man in the city vacant lot to the larger ventures of the man of means, in an ever-increasing scale, he matches theory by statistics to prove the practicability of cultivation of even the poorest soil. His advice on buying a garden should prove valuable to any prospective purchaser of property, laying bare many of the secrets of the realty dealer's experience.

"Vacant Lot Gardening" is especially interesting in the light of recent ventures in this direction in many of the large cities. Mr. Hall, wishing to furnish evidence for his theory, left his comfortable home and pitched a tent on a vacant lot in the crowded apartment house district of New York to demonstrate that farming is profitable even in the heart of the city. Where the poor are quite beyond helping themselves, he advocates public aid to place them in line to help themselves through the soil, thus solving what is becoming an alarming problem in city government and maintenance.

"Ways of Working," "Money and Time Required," "Co-operation in Operation," and the closing words on farming as a profession, are full of entertaining facts to the general reader as well as to the inquirer. This book will serve as an appetizer to the perusal of its predecessor, and if it does not cause an exodus to the country-side, will at least be worth examination and consideration of its theories, which are sane and conservative. Certainly, an astonishingly small area, well farmed, is required to produce a good living in the best sense of the word. ("A Little Land and a Living." By Bolton Hall. The Arcadia Press.)



AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Director Hamilton gives us an excellent and out-of-the-ordinary program at the first Symphony concert next Friday afternoon. Every one ought to be thankful for the Saint Saens Symphony No. 2 in A minor. Most of us are too one-sided in our likes and dislikes, and the works of the French school are not given the attention which we should give them for our own broadening. Saint Saens is the greatest name among the modern French composers. Although he was seventy-three in October, London heard him in a concert of his own composition last June, and he played all the accompaniments and three piano works with orchestra, his concerto op. 103, No. 5, the Rhapsody d'Auvergne, op. 73, for piano and orchestra, and "Wedding Cake," for piano and string orchestra. Following this appearance, it was said that his technique and vitality were most remarkable. His education was begun when he was two and a half years of age, and his first symphony given to the world when he was sixteen. In studying his life, one finds him a sane, broad man, possessed of wit and of the keenest musical judgment, so much interested in astronomy that he has built an observatory in the Canary islands. He is passionately fond of traveling, and consequently is known personally even in Russia, Spain and Portugal.

A decided novelty which will be given its first American production on this program is the "Ramayana" suite op. 45, by Bertram Shapleigh. Mr. Shapleigh is an American, educated in Boston, but at present living in England. This suite has been produced by all the great orchestras of England, and the highest commendation for the composer has always followed. Mr. Shapleigh's latest orchestral work is a tone poem "Mirage," which was given its first hearing a few weeks ago in Brixton, England. The other number to be played Friday afternoon will be the "Vorspiel" from "Lohengrin." As great a singer as is Emilio Gogorza, who will be the soloist, I purposely mention him last, for our main interest from the beginning of the concerts to the end should be in the orchestra, and the masterpieces they present to us. Certainly, we revel in the thought that in addition to a splendid program, we are to be given the privilege of hearing Mr. Gogorza in two magnificent solos with orchestral accompaniment—the Prologue "I Pagliacci," "Leoncavallo," and the "Vision Fugitive," by Massenet.

One of Schumann's most forcible aphorisms is "It pleased," or "It did not please," say the people; as if there were no higher purpose than to please the people. A larger audience than attended the first Nowland-Hunter chamber concert enjoyed the second one Monday evening. Schumann's F major trio was played. No musician or student could hear this trio and not be the gainer. To be sure one should know it, or be a zealous student of Schumann to appreciate it keenly upon one hearing. The intricate rhythms make it a complicated work for a new organization, but the trio deserves great credit for the conscientious and gratifying interpretation of this beautiful work, one of the most beautiful of all chamber music. Mr. Nowland and Mr. Hunter gave Grieg's F major sonata a thoroughly satisfactory rendition. In the Foerster trio I was disappointed. This disappointment is felt all the more as the beginning is so propitious, but, alas, it wanders partly through easily understood and enjoyable sections, and also through dense figures which lead nowhere. It is more grateful to the pianist than the other two, but is not what one might call "instrumentally" well written. However, I was glad it was given a hearing. The honors of the evening are here awarded to Mr. Fordyce Hunter, who surmounted the difficulties of the various scores most creditably. It was a joy to behold so many professional musicians present.

Archibald Sessions gave his first re-

cial of the season last week at Christ church. The program was interesting and varied. I was sorry to miss the principal number, the sonata by Guilmant, but heard the work of Sjogren, op. 15 No. 1, which proved a charming bit of composition, extremely well given by Mr. Sessions.

Mr. Nowland's two violin numbers were appropriate and most effective. It is strange that, coupled with the desire of many in the audience to hear good music, was a mixture of rudeness and niggardliness fearful to behold. A steady flow of people filed out before the collection was taken, disturbing others and worse still, satisfying their desire to get something for nothing.

Mr. Sessions, next Wednesday afternoon, will play the following program, with Mrs. Philip Zobelein assisting: Gothic suite, Boellmann; "Madrigal," Simonetti; "Gavotte," Martini; songs; "But The Lord is Mindful of His Own," Mendelssohn; "O, for a Burst of Song," Frances Allitsen; Andante, from Fifth symphony, Beethoven; "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 1, Elgar-Lemare.

Lillian Adams' piano recital will take place next Tuesday evening at the Gamut Club auditorium. Miss Adams is a talented and ambitious young woman, who has studied with local teachers for several years, prior to a year in Germany under Richard Burmeister. This is her debut before the local public, and she will present the following excellent program, assisted by Harry Clifford Lott:

Rondo, G Major, Op. 51, No. 2 (Beethoven.) Etuden, a Op. 10, No. 5; b Op. 11, No. 3; c Op. 10, No. 9; d waltz, E Minor (Chopin.) Songs, a Vergesseneheit (Eugene Hildach); b Trotzdem (Wilhelm Berger.) a Perpetuum Mobile (Weber); b Valse Op. 34 (Moszowski.) Songs, a "I send You Roses," dedicated to Mr. Lott (Charles Willeby); b Trennung (B. Shapleigh); c Eldorado (B. Shapleigh.) a Spinnerlied (Wagner-Liszt); b Rhapsodie Honroise, No. 13 (Liszt.)

After studying Browning's "Saul" for five months, Miss Fannie Dillon has written some profoundly beautiful music to be given in conjunction with this masterpiece. Last Saturday evening, Mrs. Merrill Grigg and Miss Dillon gave a private hearing of this work. All musicians know what these artists stand for and the combination is an auspicious one. This work of Miss Dillon's is by far her best. The themes, "Saul," "David," "Love," and several of pastoral character, are original conforming perfectly to the text and without a reminiscent measure. This is a choice number for the literary clubs.

According to actual count, a year ago, there were more than eight hundred piano teachers in Los Angeles and more than four hundred voice teachers, not to mention the multitudinous violinists and various kinds of other music teachers. Therefore, I毫不犹豫地 lay the blame of the lack of interest in the public rehearsals of the Nowland-Hunter chamber concerts on the teachers. It is really incredible that with the students that are in this city (enough to support about 2,000 music teachers) there should have been a poor showing at this initial attempt at establishing a custom decades old in Europe and the east. It cannot be laid to "hard times" with an admittance price of ten and fifteen cents, but to pure, unadulterated lack of interest, primarily, of the teachers, whose duty it is to guide their pupils into the habit of hearing the best music. From my conversation with teachers, I trace much of this seeming indifference to their failure to read the papers, thereby keeping informed on the musical events.

Woman's Lyric club initial concert will be given December 3 at Simpson auditorium, Rudolph Friml, assisting.

First Ellis club concert of the season drew a large audience Tuesday evening. The associate membership list is larger than ever, and the active singing men numbered fifty. Mr. Poulin had them under better control than at previous concerts, and the parts were more evenly balanced. I wish the program committee would give over the choice of selections to Mr. Poulin. He knows the capabilities and limitations of the club and should have, at least, the deciding voice upon the numbers for public performance. Bullard's

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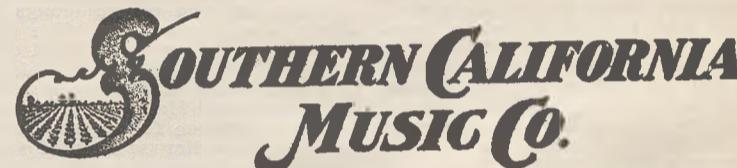
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"Winter Song" was given in a spirited, hearty manner and the "Sands o' Dee," by Goldbeck (a new number for the club, and worth its while) followed it in fine contrast. "In Vocal Combat," Dudley Buck, and Othegraven's "Hand-organ Man" were well done, brightening up the program. "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss, was hardly worth the labor put upon it, for it showed careful preparation. The exquisite, unaccompanied numbers usually having a place on the Ellis club programs, were missing, and were missed, as was also a big, manly work for the principal number. In its stead was the "Holy Grail," music from Parsifal. No more noble, beautiful music was ever written, but to me it is out of place on a concert program, or away from its proper setting and orchestra. The club deserves credit, however, for sincere work upon it. Mr. Skeele did most effective work on the organ, ably seconded by Miss O'Donoughue at the piano.

The soloists of this concert were a happy choice. Miss Chevrier has been ill, and was not up to her highest standard, but gave genuine pleasure with her well-trained and beautiful voice. Mr. Frederick Guterson proved himself a 'cellist of the first rank. Though a newcomer, he has been heard in ensemble, but not in solo. His tone is smooth and luscious and his playing shows the true musician throughout. His wife accompanied him as only an artist, perfectly in sympathy with another, can.

Impromptu Club Organizes for Work

Impromptu club, a new musical society, is now thoroughly organized. Its officers were elected last Friday evening. With Signor Riccardo Lucchesi as musical director, and by-laws drawn up with a view to pledge members to interest their friends in musical affairs, as well as themselves attending weekly rehearsals, the club seems destined to become a factor in the musical life of this city. Heinrich von Stein was unanimously elected president, Mrs. H. J. Von Stein, vice-president, Miss Mary K. Ervin, secretary and treasurer.



Charles Farwell Edson

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By George A. Dobinson

In reviewing Sheridan's "The Critic," at the Belasco theater this week, Mr. Bosworth uses the version arranged and played by Augustin Daly in New York twenty years ago. Could Sheridan witness this revival he would have some difficulty in knowing his own child. The alterations consist in omitting the first act altogether, which elision may be borne, although it contains a good deal of the satire and wit that give so brilliant a face to his "School for Scandal" and his "Rivals." But in the part actually preserved, namely, the rehearsal of Mr. Puff's tragedy, a deliberate perversion of Sheridan's intention is committed, apparently, with the idea that a modern audience would fail to appreciate the humor of the situations were it not laid on with a heavy brush. And so, instead of the actors being gifted with common sense, they are made to commit the grossest errors in their lines, errors which are Dalyesque and which never entered the brain of Sheridan. Attention is thus drawn away from the turgid rhythm of the lines given to the characters, and centered upon the commission of faults that would prevent the people who commit them from ever being employed in a theatrical company at all. The correction of these faults, laboriously done, from a fear that the Daly idea of humor should not be prominent, takes up so much time that the first half of the piece drags fearfully. The costuming of Mr. Puff and his two friends in dress suits of today, but intensifies the mistake of making the company a collection of ignoramuses whom no director with one-tenth the acumen of Mr. Puff, as presented by Mr. Bosworth, would permit around him for a moment. The actors are to be condoled with who have to act up to so poor a travesty.

In "Madame Butterfly," that concludes the performance, we find a delightful little play, sad, it is true, and may be faithful to the customs of old Japan, but one which cannot but send the blood coursing through the veins with increased warmth. The part of Madame Butterfly is all there is to the piece, though the others adequately fill their roles, Mr. Graham as the United States consul, Mr. Glazier as Yamadori, and Miss Fanchon Everhard as Suzuki, Butterfly's maid, especially. The representative of the child is too far grown to fit in with the story, but that is a detail. He is very quiet anyway. As for Dorothy Bernard's assumption of Madame Butterfly it is a wonderful piece of work and entitles the young woman to be considered one of the coming ones, if she can maintain the strength requisite for so exacting a part. She has all the enthusiasm of youth and does not yet understand how to spare a single throb of emotion that belongs to the character. Nor should she do so, while she is yet trying to make her place good. It is a struggle for supremacy and the good wishes of her many friends are with the little girl in her gallant fight.

"Palace of the King," at the Burbank

Whatever other crimes F. Marion Crawford may have to answer for, the perpetration of "In the Palace of the King" is not the least. It is a story of Spain, of Philip the Second, of Don John of Austria, of a cardinal, and has to do with court conspiracies, threats of inquisition and the love affairs of Miss Stone, who is the central figure around which the others revolve in Spanish mystery. The part of the fair Dona Marie Dolores de Mendoza does not suit Miss Stone so well as others she has essayed in this engagement, but she puts her art in it and makes it a good winner. The blind girl, her sister, is very naturally played by Mildred Johnson, and the crowd of titled personages eats up every member of this large stock company. Desmond is in his element as a love maker, and Byron Beasley is a sufficiently mysterious Spanish king, with a repellent make-up. The play had a vogue when it was first brought out, a number of

years ago, but that was chiefly owing to its splendid mounting. The Burbank company, under Mr. Morosco's directing, does all that is possible for it now, but its day is past and gone.

Good Bill at Orpheum

Gennaro and his Venetian band arouse Orpheum audiences to wild enthusiasm this week, to such an extent that they forget their usual apathy and rise to their feet in tribute to the national hymn. While music of the sort offered by this band is too flamboyant indoors, nevertheless, it sets the pulses stirring, and certainly appeals to popular taste. Gennaro's grotesque evolutions while directing are likely to touch the risibles, but the little man's control of his musicians is admirable. Gracie Emmett's sketch, "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband," begins brilliantly, with every line a laugh, but it dwindles off into worse than mediocrity. Miss Emmett herself is a broad comedienne—in more senses than one—and her brogue is delicious. Elise Schuyler sings several of the songs which she made successful in the Gayety company, to the evident satisfaction of her hearers. Once or twice William Tompkins makes his point in his topical talk, but most of his witticisms are too far-fetched to be enjoyable. The cabinet act of the Jupiter brothers is truly mystifying, and is given in a manner that has a refreshing touch of novelty. Theresa Renz's trained horses are magnificent animals of extraordinary intelligence, and she rides them with wonderful grace. Of the holdovers the Cadets de Gascogne easily capture all honors.

"Isle of Spice," at the Grand

Were it not for an unusually excellent chorus, and several songs which fairly sing themselves, "The Isle of Spice" would be sadly in need of spice at the Grand opera house this week. The comedians of the company, Harry B. Watson and Harry B. Williams, are really funny, the former especially so, despite his ludicrous lack of voice—a lack which distinguishes the efforts of most of the principals. But even the "foolery" of the funmakers is drawn to such an extent that it becomes wearisome. Roberta Wilson and Henry Gunson make a sad failure of the catchy bit, "You and I," but Julia de Cynthis, with her "Peggy Brady," and Sam Rose in "That Goo-Goo Man," almost succeed in making up for the wrecks of the other songs.

Offerings for Next Week

Home Product Week in Los Angeles will be fittingly celebrated at the Auditorium by the first production on any stage of a typical home-made play. It is the work of Richard Barry, the well-known war correspondent and magazine writer. The play is called "The Searchlight" and was written by Mr. Barry this last summer at his Monrovia home. It deals with California and Californians. The Searchlight, according to Mr. Barry, is a newspaper—in this particular instance it happens to be a San Francisco newspaper—and the chief figure in the play is a star reporter. This part, which will be played by Lewis S. Stone, will afford that clever actor splendid opportunities to display the manly and virile style of histrionism, for which he is so well liked locally. Florence Oakley and Beatrice Noyes will be the only two women members of the company who will be engaged in the performance of "The Searchlight," but the entire male contingent of the Stone company will be found in the cast. James Nelson, a character actor of wide repute in the east, will make his first appearance as a regular member of the Stone organization in this play.

Eugene Walter's drama of common-place American life, "Paid in Full," which was greeted with unanimous approval by the critics of New York and Chicago, will be seen at the Mason next week. Especial interest attaches itself to this play in the eyes of Los Angeles theatergoers because of the fact that Lillian Albertson, a former local favorite, made her metropolitan debut in the leading role. The play is said to be in the hands of a capable company.

At the Orpheum next week, beginning with the matinee Monday, Nov. 16, a bill of notable excellence is offered. Heading the numbers will be a one-act vaudeville play, "The Operator," by Charles Kenyon, with Lyster Chambers

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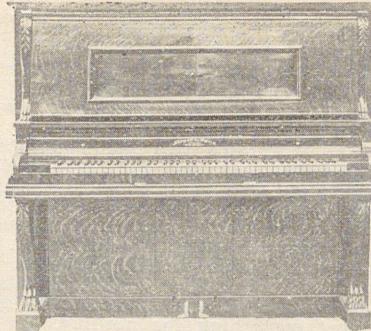
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PICTURE FRAMING



By René T. de Quelin

In the Kanst galleries, it is interesting to learn that eleven canvases by Granville Redmond have been sold and that still others are being considered. This proves an awakening interest in pictures, which is very encouraging to the artists. Among the many charming canvases still shown by Mr. Redmond, there is one of especial strength and beauty, depicting a sunset in a bit of woodland, the trees of which are unusually well drawn, modeled, and painted, and the effect of the setting sun through the open space between the trees, remarkably beautiful in color and rendering. He has many small gems suitable for gifts.

* * *

I. von Linde, the famous Dutch artist, is well represented at this same gallery by excellent Dutch river scenes, showing sail boats and cottages on the shore, with the proverbial windmill; they are well painted with a sure and masterly hand, good in color and most happy and pleasing in composition.

* * *

Wanda Sauer is another local artist who has suddenly come to light, and has placed her work in the Kanst galleries. She shows remarkable talent for a young woman who has not had the experience of many years' work, but it is evident that she has utilized every moment to attain her aim. Her father is an artist, who has a steady call for his work in the east, so that he has never exhibited here on the coast. Miss Sauer went abroad to study for a short time, though her father has been her preceptor. Her work is confined to genre subjects, principally of cottage interiors, illustrating the pleasing, happy features of people in that station of life.

* * *

Joseph J. Ray, a Philadelphia artist, who has been in Southern California about two and a half years, and who exhibited in the Blanchard galleries a year ago, has placed all of his recent work in the hands of John S. Thayer & Co. of South Broadway. He is making a specialty of small canvases for Christmas and other gifts, of local scenes that are exceptionally well painted.

* * *

Merrick Reynolds company of South Broadway shows a fine line of water colors by a number of the best eastern painters of today; such as Wedge, Mitchell, Colby, Weber, Herdle, Gay, together with excellent examples of Arthur Feudel's work, who formerly resided in Chicago, but for the last ten years has taken up his residence in Paris, making a specialty of Dutch and Flemish scenes that are full of poetry and feeling. He has a masterly, broad handling and a keen perception for tone and values. There are some charming small water colors by Spoor, W. G. Russell, H. Moreaux, R. Veenfliet, G. Facciola, A. Romanie, and G. Gianni; the last three, all Italians of wide reputation, working solely in tempera, that difficult, yet charming, medium that has not been attempted by any of our local artists except Franz Bischoff. Several of these are exquisite.

* * *

One of the most interesting collections in works of art at the Reynolds establishment consists of a large selection of beautiful Japanese prints executed by the famous Helen Hyde, who for many years has lived in Japan, the better to study the Japanese method of wood block printing in colors and outline, and in which she so excelled that the Japanese government acknowledged her great talent by giving her medals of merit and conferring upon her several valuable orders of decoration, much sought for, but seldom given. Some of her exquisite color prints have now become very rare and, as only few were printed before the destruction of the block, also become very precious.

* * *

Last Tuesday evening, the Painters' club gave a Bohemian dinner, at which the following members were present:

H. W. Cannon, Benton S. Boundry, J. M. Black, A. C. Conner, F. R. Liddell, Frank Elwin Evans, Harry L. Bailey, H. Puthuff, A. E. Kilpatrick, William Wendt, Martin J. Jackson, David Dunn and Charles A. Rogers. There were also three guests, William A. Matern, Everett C. Maxwell and the writer. Mr. Conner made an able address, which was to commemorate the club's first annual exhibition. Later in the evening, Mr. Rogers spoke on art, its incentive, and the attitude between the artist and the public. The constant struggle of the one and the cautious and diffident reception of the works of artists by the other, and the consequent slow, tedious, uphill work experienced by these patient brethren. A comical sketch was read by Mr. Evans, in which each member's name was brought in as a pun. Anecdotes and jokes helped to pass an enjoyable evening. At the close of the dinner all present went in a body for a saunter through Chinatown, discussing its picturesque points. Mr. Rogers acted as majordomo, he having made a study of these localities, both here and in San Francisco, for many years, as his paintings prove.

* * *

Mrs. Helma Heynsen Jahn, who has a studio in the Birkel building, has just completed two portraits; one of Major John H. Norton, in oil, life size, three-quarter length, which is beautifully done; a striking likeness and a subtle expression caught by the artist that is excellent. It is well drawn; one of the best portraits that this artist has ever made.

Another charming portrait, three-quarter, half size, executed in pastel, is that of little Miss Fishburn; a good portrait, excellent in color and technique; a wonderful bit of pastel work that is becoming very popular and really one of the most captivating mediums. The little girl is shown with a kitten in her lap. The expression on the child's face is most happy. It is encased in a quaint hand-carved frame of special design that harmonizes beautifully with the portrait.

* * *

University club has just purchased the life-size portrait of B. R. Baumgardt, lecturer, which was painted by Mrs. Jahn. It is a strong likeness. The members of the club consider themselves most fortunate in being able to secure this fine piece of work; it was hung in the club rooms Thursday evening, preceding the lecture on Rome, delivered by Prof. Baumgardt, Fielding J. Stilson making a neat little speech.

* * *

Benjamin C. Brown opens his exhibit of thirty-six paintings in the Steckel galleries Monday, November 16. His most important work is a large canvas called "Windswept," a scene near Monterey, showing pines bending to a strong wind. One feels the force of the wind and the movement of the trees very strongly in looking at this successful picture, which is drawn with force and spontaneity. It is most pleasing in color and is fine in tonal qualities. "Sand Dunes, Monterey," is another good canvas unusually sweet in tone and color. It portrays the last gleam of sunlight suffusing the higher parts in rich golden colors with the summer moon, just rising. The combination of sunlight and moonlight, one of the most trying things for any painter ever to attempt, Mr. Brown has succeeded with wonderfully. The most beautiful of all in effect is "Evening on the Marshes," evidently painted in the artist's happiest mood. It is rich in color, in a subdued key, full of intense feeling, poetical and tender, specially happy in composition and tone; the reflections on the water beautifully rendered. "The Stage-road, Yosemite," shows a woodland scene in winter.

* * *

In another vein, with all the local color of another land, is "Across the Roofs, Antwerp," quaint, and specially good in tone. "Burst of Sunshine, Bruges," is a canvas full of rich pleasing color; "Cloudy Day, Lagoon at Monterey," shows an effect with symphonies in blues and blue greys; "Antwerp at Dawn," a clever bit of poetical color, both pleasing in tone and good in values; "Mirror Lake, Yosemite," is of that peculiar nature that does not allow the artist too great liberty in soft effect to be true to the locality. "Grey Day in Autumn," is a canvas that perhaps might have been improved by having the distance a little softer,

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Inadvertently, Leonard Woodruff's address was given as at 113 41st drive. It should have read 713 41st drive, where he is having an exhibition.



By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

TUESDAY—Miss Mary Belle Elliott, dance at Kramer's for Miss Alice Elliott. Opening of eighth annual meeting of Los Angeles District C. F. W. C. at Venice; afternoon.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. James H. Utley, 963 Menlo avenue, tea for Miss Utley; Mrs. Cameron E. Thom, 2070 West Adams street, affair for Mrs. Arthur Collins of London, England. Wedding of Miss Mabel McKenzie and Mr. Arthur Campbell, at home of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Cary, 1854 West Twenty-first street.

THURSDAY—Miss Macneil, 2408 South Figueroa street, luncheon for Mrs. David Bradley. Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Hotel Van Nuys, dinner. Mrs. M. R. Hunter, Miss Martha Hunter and Miss Genevieve Faulkner, informal reception, 1125 Magnolia avenue; afternoon.

FRIDAY—Mrs Spencer H. Smith, 1109 West Adams street, luncheon for Miss Alice Elliott.

SATURDAY—Annual ball at Concordia club for debutantes.

Brilliant and effective in all its appointments, was the wedding of Miss Mary Hubbell and Mr. Will L. Graves, jr., Miss Hubbell, as the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of 1000 Arapahoe street, has held an enviable place in the best society circles since her debut, and following the announcement of her engagement has been the guest of honor at almost innumerable delightful entertainments. Mr. Graves is the son of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Graves of 1047 South Figueroa street and is as popular a member of the younger set as is his bride. The wedding ceremony was celebrated at Immanuel Presbyterian church, Tuesday evening, Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker officiating. Yellow chrysanthemums and a profusion of greenery was utilized in the church decorations. The bride was attired in a beautiful directoire gown of chiffon satin, trimmed elaborately with Duchesse lace and rose point. She wore a long tulle veil and carried lilies of the valley. Six of the girl friends of the bride formed her bridal party. Their gowns were of changing golden hues, blending from a pale gold to almost an apricot shade. Miss Kate Van Nuys and Miss Lois Chamberlain were the two maids of honor. Their gowns in the light gold coloring were of directoire satin made empire and trimmed with long gold sashes, falling from the shoulder. They carried maid-hair ferns. Following were Miss Katherine Bashford and Miss Helen Wells, their gowns made similar in style, but of a darker shade of gold and behind them were Miss Edith Heron and Miss Katherine Bashford, whose gowns were of still darker gold colors. The six maids wore Grecian bands of gold in their hair and their coiffures were dressed low. Mr. George Keating was the best man and the ushers were Messrs. James Page, E. W. Currier, Benton Van Nuys, Cloyd Lott, and Maynard McFie. Mrs. Hubbell, mother of the bride, was attired in a handsome gown of gold cloth, embroidered elaborately in pale pink shades. It was directoire in style and was trimmed in Duchesse lace. Mrs. William P. Jeffries, sister of the bride, wore her wedding gown of point applique. Following the church service a reception was given at the home of Judge and Mrs. Hubbell for the bridal party and about 175 of their intimate friends. Dr. and Mrs. Graves assisted in receiving. The decorations were under the direction of Miss Forman and here also the color scheme was in gold. The dancing was participated in on the lower floor, which was arranged in yellow chrysanthemums and ferns. On the third floor the supper was served. The room was canopied with asparagus plumosus ferns. The bride's table seated fifteen, and from overhead were suspended gold Cupids. The table centerpiece was a golden basket filled with lilies of the valley and maid-hair ferns and crystal candlesticks shaded in yellow were used for illum-

ination. The place cards were ornamented in water colors, depicting a tiny Cupid leading a bridal party. The surrounding small round tables, occupied by other of the guests, were decorated with white roses and ferns and crystal candlesticks. Mr. Graves and his bride will make their home in Fresno at the conclusion of a wedding trip of several weeks.

Second of the notable weddings of the week was the marriage of Miss Hazel Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson of Hotel Heinze-man, to Mr. John Stuart, which took place Thursday evening in Immanuel Presbyterian church. The ceremony was of extreme simplicity in its appointments. Rev. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of the church, officiated. Under the direction of Miss Forman, the church was decorated artistically for the occasion, white and green being the prevailing colors, with an added touch of pink. The bride's costume was a handsome gown of white soft satin, trimmed with tucked chiffon. She wore a long tulle veil held in place by a spray of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orange blossoms. Mrs. Harry Rea Callender, sister of the bride, was her matron of honor and Mr. Eugene Stuart, a brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. D. D. Stuart, James Stuart, cousins of the groom; Frank Scott, cousin of the bride; Harry Rea Callender, Clark Somers, and Mulford Wade. Following the church ceremony, a large reception was held at the Woman's club house. Here also the decorations were in charge of Miss Forman and they were especially attractive, white, green and pink being utilized in the effective arrangement. After a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart will go to Terminal Island, where they will make their home for a few months.

In celebration of their tenth wedding anniversary, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow of 2329 South Figueroa street entertained Tuesday evening with a handsomely-appointed dance at Kramer's. Appropriate to the occasion, the decorations and accessories carried out the idea of the tin anniversary. The ballroom was in lavender tulle, festooned artistically with silver tinsel. From the center of the large dome was suspended five large wedding bells made of the silver tinsel, and about the hall were strung long chains of tin. On either side of the musicians' stand were stationed two large tin candelabra. Supper was served down stairs and there the decorations were unusually artistic. A canopy was formed of links of tin and from these electric lights were hung. The table centerpieces were clusters of pink carnations in tin cans. There were about two hundred and fifty guests present, representing the most prominent of the Los Angeles society folk, and the entertainment ranked high as one of the most brilliant functions of the season.

Mrs. Robert W. Poindexter of 225 West Adams street gave the second reception in honor of her daughter, Miss Romaine Poindexter, Wednesday. The home was prettily decorated for the occasion and guests were received between the hours of four and six o'clock. Assisting Mrs. Poindexter and her daughter in receiving were Mrs. Horace R. Boynton and Mrs. Fowler Shankland. In the dining room, Mrs. Poindexter was assisted by a coterie of matrons and maids. Miss Poindexter with her mother returned only recently from a year of travel abroad. She is an attractive young girl, possessing the ease of manner and grace which one gains through travel and is destined to take an enviable place among the season's debutantes and among her mother's friends.

Although plans had been made for a more elaborate wedding in the near future, Miss Charlotte Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Bailey of Hollywood, was married Tuesday to Lieut. Matthew Addison Palen, U. S. A., the ceremony taking place at Redlands, Rev. Angus M. Porter officiating. The change in the plans was occasioned by the fact that Lieut. Palen, who has been stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, was recently ordered to the Philippines, and upon arriving here persuaded his betrothed to an early marriage. Lieut. T. C. Martin stood with the groom. Wednesday evening, Lieut. Palen left for San Francisco,

where his bride will join him in a few days, and after two or three weeks at the Presidio, they will sail for the Philippines, where Lieut. Palen will be stationed for a year at Prang Prang.

Wednesday, at a simple ceremony witnessed only by a few relatives and intimate friends, was celebrated the marriage of Miss Sylvia Norton and Mr. Joseph Isaacs, a wealthy land owner of Texas. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride, 1430 Constance street. Among others who were present at the nuptials was Mr. Isaacs' sister, Mrs. M. Riggelman of Oakland, mother of Miss Mabel Riggelman, who as a protege of Madame Gadski, is winning much fame in Germany and for whom is predicted a brilliant career. Mr. Isaacs and his bride will divide their time between Texas and Los Angeles.

Another young woman who is soon to make her formal bow to society is Miss Clara Leonhardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leonhardt of 2 Chester place. Some time in January, Mrs. Leonhardt will give a large dancing party to mark the debut of her daughter. Recently Miss Leonhardt was the guest of honor at a luncheon and box party given by her mother. Pretty and possessing many talents, Miss Leonhardt will prove an acquisition to the array of handsome young women who will enjoy their first season this winter.

Miss Aimee Brunswig of 1910 Hobart boulevard is entertaining this evening with an informal dinner-dance. Her guests will include about forty of the younger set.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter of Hotel Van Nuys will be hostess at a delightful dinner party Thursday evening, November 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell of 2307 South Figueroa street entertained Thursday evening with a dinner party. Mrs. Connell will be one of the twenty-five hostesses at the big dinner to be given Dec. 16. Her own social affairs are always handsomely appointed and are marked by an originality in decoration and other details.

Among the weddings of the week was that of Miss Nellie McPeak and Mr. Arthur Campbell, who were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McPeak, 230 West Eighteenth street. Upon their return from their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will make their home at North Glendale, where they have built a pretty home.

Prominent among the marriages of next week will be that of Miss Mabel McKenzie, daughter of Mrs. Leonard B. Cary of 1854 West Twenty-first street, to Mr. Albert R. Kelly. The ceremony will take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cary, Wednesday evening, Nov. 18. Miss Anita Kelly will be maid of honor and Dr. Thomas McKenzie, brother of the bride, will be best man. After the wedding ceremony, Mr. Kelly and his bride will leave for San Francisco, whence they will sail for the South sea islands. Upon their return they will make their home in Fresno.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Helen Chaffee, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, and Lieut. John Howard of the Ninth cavalry. The ceremony will be celebrated Dec. 8 at St. Paul's pro-cathedral. Lieutenant and Mrs. Howard, ultimately, will make their home at Port Apache, Arizona.

Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of South Figueroa street and her daughter, Mrs. David H. McCartney, entertained Wednesday with an informal at home at the residence of the former. Mr. and Mrs. McCartney, who have only recently returned from their wedding trip of several months in Europe, are at present awaiting the completion of their new home.

Of interest to many friends was the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ball of 975 Manhattan place of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Madge Ball, to Mr. E. J. Salyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Salyer of East Adams street.

Major and Mrs. Elon F. Wilcox and their son, Master Farnsworth Wilcox, of 2957 Halldale avenue, who have been staying for five or six months at Montclair, N. J., are expected to re-

turn to their home here within the fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Erdt and their daughter, Miss Erdt, who have been occupying the Wilcox home in their absence, will take up their residence again in Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howes, who were recently married, have returned from their honeymoon trip and are at home for the time with the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Bolling of 1684 West Jefferson street.

Mrs. Samuel J. Whitmore of Hotel Alexandria, who will receive her friends Mondays in November, was at home to a large number of guests last Monday. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. John Kingsley, jr., Mrs. Carl Kurtz, Mrs. R. D. Bronson, Mrs. Charles D. Parker, and Mrs. F. W. Hawks of Pasadena.

Mrs. L. J. Linkenbach of 691 Burlington avenue has returned from a week's visit in Hollywood, where she was the guest of Mrs. G. H. A. Goodwin. Prior to that, Mrs. Linkenbach was a guest of Mrs. F. C. Park at Bakersfield.

Mrs. Will H. Smith of 742 Rampart street was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a meeting of an informal whist club, of which she is a member.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard C. Woelz are at home to their friends at 729 South Alvarado street.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Katherine Leupp, daughter of Hon. Francis E. Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington, to Mr. Reginald Davis Johnson, son of Bishop and Mrs. Johnson of this city. No date as yet has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Strong of 2107 Oak street will be at home for the winter with Mrs. Strong's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Graves, 1047 South Figueroa street, where they will receive their friends.

Attorney General and Mrs. M. A. Breeden of Utah are guests at the home of Mrs. Breeden's sister, Mrs. A. D. S. Reynolds, of 1124 West Twenty-first street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Augustus Olcott of 722 West Eleventh street have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethel Lucretia Olcott, to Dr. Ira Dillman of this city. The wedding will take place in the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stewart of 2706 Wilshire boulevard have taken the H. L. Brigden home at Lamanda park.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Janss sailed this week on the Kaiserine Augusta Victoria for Europe.

Mrs. Earl R. Odell of 1630 Gramercy place has returned home after a visit in Kansas City, Mo., where she was a guest at the home of Mrs. Orin H. Odell.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. M. R. Hunter, Miss Martha Hunter and Miss Genevieve Fulker for an at home to be given at the residence of Mrs. Hunter, 1125 Magnolia avenue, Thursday afternoon, November 19.

Major and Mrs. John T. Jones of 2637 Portland place have returned from an extended trip east.

Miss Atella Bedard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bedard of Chicago, was married Monday morning to Mr. John J. McCue, the ceremony taking place at St. Vincent's church, Rev. James S. Reardon officiating. Mr. McCue is connected with the German American Savings bank as paying teller, and with his bride will be at home after Jan. 1 at Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence F. Rieger and daughter, Miss Frances Rieger of Kansas City, Mo., arrived in Los Angeles recently and registered at Hotel Alexandria. Miss Rieger has entered school at Huntington hall.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Helen Marvin of Ontario to Mr. Albert Mason, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Mason of this city.

News of the marriage of Miss Hazel Bawden of this city and Mr. Hart Allen of Kings City came as a surprise to many friends of the bride. It was expected she would return to continue her studies in the University of South-

ern California this spring, but she gave heed to the ardent wooing of Mr. Allen instead. The latter is a well-known business man of his home city and is a graduate pharmacist. Mr. and Mrs. Allen will reside in Kings City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lippman of Van Buren place left recently for the east, where they plan to remain until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hand and family, formerly of Butte, Mont., have returned from Ocean Park, where they passed the summer and are at home to their friends at 1934 Norwood street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl will soon issue invitations for a large dance to be given December 10 at the Assembly hall, 1601 South Flower street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Lazard, whose marriage took place last Sunday, will be at home to their friends at the Burlington apartments after Nov. 23, where they will remain until their own home on Westlake avenue, near Seventh street, is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Beach of 948 Georgia street have returned from an extended eastern trip. They were accompanied by their daughter.

Dr. Helen L. H. Woodroffe has returned from a two months' trip through the east and south.

Mrs. George A. Pounder of 902 South Bonnie Brae street was hostess Monday afternoon at a meeting of the Intrepid Duplicate Whist club. Mrs. William English and Mrs. Harry Arnold made the highest scores of the afternoon.

Hollywood society matrons and maids are planning a novel entertainment in the near future, when, under the auspices of a central committee, a women's minstrel show will be given Dec. 18 and 19. About forty society girls will take part in the entertainment, which will be given under the direction of Mr. E. W. Elliott, and will appear with blackened faces and elaborate costumes. The show will be in two parts, the minstrel proper and a vaudeville entertainment.

Charles F. Keeler, the poet and essayist of Berkeley, is a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lummis of Avenue 41. Mr. Keeler is at present giving a course of lectures on art before the Ebell club.

Miss Margaret Goetz has leased her home on West Twenty-first street, and will be at home for the winter at Hotel Pepper.

Mrs. W. G. Eisenmeyer of 1361 Valencia street was hostess Tuesday afternoon at an informal luncheon given in compliment to Mrs. J. E. Marsh, one of the recent brides. Other guests present were Mrs. Robert Marsh, Mrs. G. D. Hargus, Mrs. Lothrop, Mrs. B. L. Bear, Mrs. James A. Gibson, and Mrs. Fred Hooker Jones.

In honor of Miss Maude Edwards, whose engagement to Dr. William V. Martin was recently announced, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Crippen of 2267 West Twenty-first street entertained, Monday evening, with a dinner.

Date for the marriage of Miss Irene Kelly, daughter of Mrs. Kate Kelly of 2205 Hobart boulevard, to Mr. Earle C. Anthony has been announced for Dec. 1. The ceremony will be celebrated in the evening at St. John's Episcopal church.

Hotel del Coronado, that mecca of newly married couples, has been a merry center of interest in the last fortnight. Among the brides and grooms registering from Los Angeles are Mr. and Mrs. Albert McFarland Bonsall, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney N. Reeve, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wright, and Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Schiff. Others who passed a part of their honeymoons at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. P. Baumann of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. Faget of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Fernd of Ocean Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Adams of Chicago. Mr. Adams is one of the younger of the country's successful playwrights and in collaboration with Mr. Will M. Hough of Chicago, who also is registered at the Coronado for the winter, has produced "The Time, The Place and The Girl," "The Girl Question," and "Stubborn Cinderella." The latter play was written in Coronado and many of the scenes are laid there. While in Southern California this winter, Messrs. Adams and Hough

plan to write another play. Among others who will remain at Coronado all winter are Mrs. L. Frank Baum, her daughter, Miss S. J. Baum, and her son, Harry, who have taken the Gay cottage. The Baum family have made their home in Coronado for several years. Mr. L. Frank Baum is the author of that successful light opera, "The Wizard of Oz." A distinguished railroad party, headed by Mr. John Sebastian, traffic manager of the Rock Island, arrived in San Diego Sunday and was piloted about by Mr. F. W. Thompson, the San Francisco representative of the Rock Island. The French cruiser Catinat, flagship of the French fleet in the Pacific, is to anchor in San Diego port for a period of about three weeks. The ship is in command of H. Buchard, and its officers and men are great favorites in the harbor city.

One of the enjoyable affairs of the week was the luncheon given by Mrs. Sidney Lee Grover of 620 South Burlington avenue Monday in compliment to the members of the Tillicum club. Violets were used in the table decoration and the place cards were suggestive of the approaching Thanksgiving season. In the living room yellow chrysanthemums formed an attractive decoration and the library was arranged with red and white blossoms and greenery. Cards were played in the afternoon and prizes were won by Mrs. W. A. Morehouse, Mrs. G. H. MacGinnis, Mrs. W. W. McLeod, Mrs. J. Puller, and Mrs. W. E. Pritchard.

Bethlehem is making an effort to raise \$10,000 before Thanksgiving day, this amount being necessary for the continuance of the great charity work being carried on by the organization. For the purpose of obtaining the fund, Nov. 21 has been designated as "Star Day," when workers for the institution will try to sell 100,000 badges at ten cents each. The campaign is in the hands of Mrs. L. M. Culver, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent and Mrs. L. V. Bradley, who compose the central committee, and they will be assisted by an auxiliary committee and a large number of sub-committees. Owing to the financial stringency last year, the Bethlehem institute was not supported as theretofore, and the money to be raised will be used in paying off outstanding obligations and in caring for the destitute and sick throughout the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg will entertain with a large reception Friday evening, Nov. 20, at Cumnock hall. Four hundred invitations have been issued for the event and a feature of the evening will be a reading of "Nance Oldfield," by Mrs. Joseph Walter Allen.

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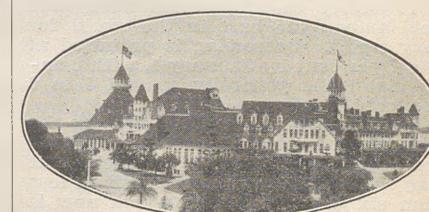
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Bank and oil stocks, those best known and most reliable of both issues, have had the call in the local market throughout the week, along with some of the mining shares. Speculative courage, recently at low ebb, gradually is becoming normal, since the presidential election, and the quantity, as well as the quality, of trading on the stock exchange has been of a character of late to remind one of the good times that appeared to have ended forever, about eighteen months ago.

Associated Oil has been scoring the best advance since the last report, the stock having sold above 40 one day this week. A bull argument, that promises a resumption of dividends by June 1, next year, probably is responsible for the upward trend in the shares.

Union and its affiliated corporations, have not moved for nearly a month.

First National and Citizens' National are in demand, due to a melon cutting promised about holiday time.

Money is more plentiful than it has been for a year and a half, although rates for loaning are not yet what they were before the depression made this field among the best in the world for easy credit. Borrowing is promised at 6 to 7 per cent by January 1, with commercial loans generally around 5 to 6 per cent.

Reports continue conflicting as to the real cause for the remarkable advance recently in California Hill stock, that was selling around 2 cents a share less than six weeks ago, and which now is in the thirties. Whatever the truth of the matter there is no doubt that those who purchased at the low figure and who since have closed out at the top of the bulge, certainly have Christmas money. Several speculators, however, who were shrewd enough to buy low and to sell high, are known to have backed their judgment again by going in a second time at prices that have more than eaten up not only their first principal, but also first profits.

In reply to an inquiry: The last seat sold on the Los Angeles stock exchange brought \$1,000. It was acquired about four weeks ago. Seats have sold as high as \$4,000. Just what a mining exchange seat is worth, could not be set forth in this column, as such a holding is worth what it will bring.

Banks and Banking

Sound banking conditions and a safeguarding of the financial interests of both banks and depositors are to be the direct results of the new system of clearinghouse examinations recently adopted. This new move in banking circles is made at the instance of the bankers themselves and it is probable that the innovation of the clearinghouse associations in several of the cities of California of employing clearinghouse examiners to examine every bank in the jurisdiction of the association at the banks' own expense, will be taken up generally by the banks throughout the country. Each bank willingly would pay for an examination of its own affairs and conditions for the sake of having the same men examine all the other institutions with which it does business. To this end the strongest, most fearless and competent men will be chosen as examiners. While it is not compulsory that all banks should join the association, yet every bank in the state may belong, provided it is conducting its business affairs properly, and is in safe condition. After the association is in working order, it is difficult to see how there can be failure among its members that will injure depositors and, aside from proving a protection to the bankers themselves, the new system will provide a practical guarantee to the depositors.

In order to permit the piling of coins to a uniform height, a new design is being employed in the casting of the new \$5 gold pieces, and also will be used on the \$2.50 pieces. The mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Denver this week began the coining of the gold pieces. By depressing the design below the field or face of the coin, instead of raising it above, as usual in

all coinage operations, the figure designs are to be brought into a high or strong relief. This provides a flat field and a uniform thickness for the coins, the edge taking the wear and protecting the relief. All the new coins will bear "In God We Trust." While never applied to coins before the countersinking relief is one of the oldest forms of sculpture in stone.

January 1 is the date set for the opening of the Home Savings bank of Ventura in the new First National Bank building, at the corner of Main and California streets. The Savings bank will adjoin the First National bank, its parent institution. Its furnishings will be of oak and the counter will be marble, with copper finished grill above. The new safe deposit vault is to be built of reinforced concrete, the walls are to be staggered with heavy steel and the top and bottom will be reinforced with railroad iron. With all the improvements the First National bank also is to be refitted and refurnished and a handsome new counter of oak, marble and grill work is being installed.

Incorporation papers have been taken out by the Willcox Bank and Trust company at Willcox, Arizona, granting the right to transact business at that place. The incorporators include H. A. Morgan, A. Y. Smith and D. T. Swatling. The capital stock of the organization is \$250,000.

There has been a probing the last week into the affairs of the West Side Bank of Los Angeles, the parent institution of the Searchlight Bank and Trust Co., by the grand jury of this county. Questioning involved the subject of the agreement between Hansen and Tabor at the time of the latter taking possession.

Tuesday the Farmers and Merchants' bank of Yuma opened its doors to do a regular banking business in that city and valley section.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Owing to a questioning of the validity of the issue, the \$110,000 bonds voted in San Bernardino recently for street improvements have been held up. Grounds for the action are that the Vrooman act does not provide for doubling up of the city bond and frontage assessment as was done in this case.

Figures submitted to the Corona city trustees by the city engineer give an estimate of \$90,000 as being necessary to cover the cost of installing a sewer system and improve the badly washed streets. It is likely that a bond election in this amount may be called soon.

Bisbee has authorized the issuance of bonds in the sum of \$125,000 for the construction of a water works, and bonds in the amount of \$125,000 for street improvement purposes.

Lacking a two-thirds majority, the proposed issue of \$60,000, voted on in Santa Ana county for a county hospital and poor farm, failed to carry.

Brawley public school bonds have been purchased by the state of California for their face value of \$25,000 and a premium of \$452.52.

Surpassing their record of last year as entertainers, the bank clerks gave two vaudeville shows at the Mason Thursday and Friday nights, which were bubblers in the way of fun and far beyond the ordinary in way of artistic and clever presentation. Packed houses attested the success of the entertainment from a financial standpoint. From start to finish, the program was replete with witticisms, local jokes and take-offs.

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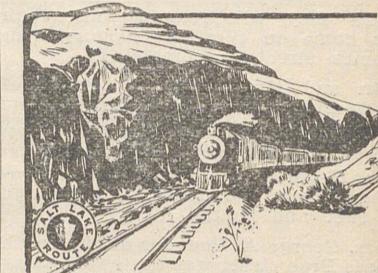
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Preparations are under way for the big racing event to be held in Savannah by the Automobile Club of America. The star event is to be the grand prize gold cup race to take place Thanksgiving day, when cars representing America, France, Germany, and Italy are to make sixteen rounds of the twenty-five mile circuit. On the opening day, the principal event will be the international light car contest and this race will be participated in by cars from America, France, and Italy, which will contest in the two-hundred mile drive. Among the American cars and drivers which are practically certain starters, are Harry Michener in a Lozier, J. Morton Seymour in a Simplex, Willie Haupt in a Chadwick, Leonard Zengle in an Acme, and a National, whose driver has not been announced. The French representatives will be Lewis Strang and Francois Szisz in Renaults, Victor Rigal and Lucian Hautvast in Clement-Bayards and Arthur Duray in a Lorraine-Dietrich. The Italian contingent will be Felice Nazzaro, Louis Wagner and Ralph de Palma in Fiats, and Henri Fournier, Alexandre Cagno and Giovanni Placenza in Italas. The German representatives will be Victor Hemery, Rene Hanriot and Fritz Erie in Benz racers.

In addition to these cars and drivers it is possible that Salzer and Poegge will pilot Mercedes cars for Germany and that another Rensault and an American-built Buick will also start. The starters in the light car race are four Maxwells, four Buicks, three Chalmers-Detroits and one each of the following: Lancia, Cameron, Isotta, Gregoire, American Aristocrat, and S. P. O.

According to recent developments, the winning drivers in the grand prize at Savannah will require the services of a touring car in which to carry home the spoils of victory. Besides the massive gold cup, there will be cash prizes of different denominations from those interested in the race. The Bosch Magneto company has announced its intention of rewarding the driver of the winner with \$500, the second car with \$250, and the third car to finish with \$100, provided their mounts are equipped with a Bosch magneto.

Announcement is made of a series of speed trials against time to be held on the Long Island Motor Parkway, Saturday, December 5, the week following the Automobile Club of America's grand prize race in Savannah. The event will be for two miles, one mile and a kilometer distance with trophies for the winner of each race. Cars which competed in the Long Island Parkway sweepstakes (for cars selling above \$4,000) Oct. 10; cars which competed in the Vanderbilt cup race Oct. 24, and cars which are to compete in the grand prize race at Savannah, Nov. 26, are eligible to entry. Owing to the lateness of the season and in order that each car may have at least two opportunities to run, the trial races will start promptly at 12 o'clock noon. Arrangements are being made so that the cars will be automatically timed for each of the three distances and the finish will be at the grandstand.

With the official time for his actual run set at 30 hours, 28 1-2 minutes, Col. F. C. Fenner and his White Steamer, "Black Bess," were declared winners of the long desert race from Los Angeles to Phoenix, the first of the week. A. J. Smith's Elmore Bulldog came in second, its actual running time being 32 hours, 52 1-2 minutes. Third was the Kisselkar entry, "Tobasco," 35 hours, 42 minutes, and Ralph Hamlin in the Franklin Greyhound consumed 37 hours in actual running time. The latter lost the road in the early part of the drive, to which fact is attributed the bad showing in time. The run across the desert was a notable event in automobile history and occasioned much interest. A considerable delay was met with in ferrying across the Colorado river from the California side, but in recording the racing time the

Judges deducted the lost period from the total, giving the actual running time. It is planned to hold a second similar event next year, and until that date Col. Fenner and A. J. Smith will hold the two trophies presented for first and second place.

There arrived in New York last week a party from Spokane, Washington, members of the Spokane Motor club, completing the first lap of probably the longest automobile trip ever contemplated. The party, on arrival in Gotham had traveled a little more than 7000 miles from Tia Juana, just across the border from San Diego, and then crossed California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and New York. This is probably the first feat accomplished of crossing the American continent from south to north and from west to east in a vehicle traveling over the country roads. The tour was accomplished in a two-cylinder Maxwell of twenty horse-power and without serious repairs anywhere during the tour.

"Little Bob," as Senator La Follette of Wisconsin is known in his native state, did strenuous work in the national campaign this fall and made as many as twenty-five and thirty speeches in a day. Early in the campaign, he selected a Mitchell car to cover the ground rapidly. He is quite an expert chauffeur himself and thinks out his speeches while touring from place to place, and has covered more territory than any other campaign speaker in Wisconsin.

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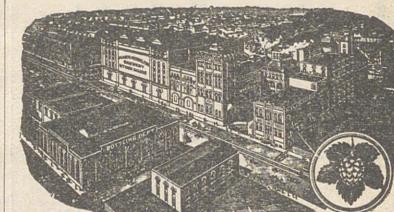
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BOTH PHONES EXCHANGE 3

LUCILLE'S LETTER

My Dear Harriet: Poor old Queen Elizabeth would feel quite at home were she to come wandering back to this mundane sphere, since the former modest ruchings with which she topped our collars have turned to great ruffs which make you tip-tilt over your chin in spite of yourself.

For a good selection in this line you should call at the neckwear counter of the Ville de Paris. They have everything from the Queen Elizabeth ruffs to severely simple linen collars. And to relieve the severity of tailored waists and masculine collars they have the dearest bits of frou-frou rabats—dainty frilly things of pleated linen and lace, which add just the desired feminine touch. These come with and without bows, and are surely things to be desired by the fashionable women. The linen bows and rabats in colored linens, prettily embroidered in contrasting shades are attractive novelties, as are the wide Pierrot collars, with chiffon ruchings on top and bottom. The directoire necklaces of gold cord and beads are extremely fashionable, and you'll be sure to find what you want at the Ville.

Nowadays, a woman pays as much attention to what she wears in her hair as she does to her costumes. And surely the stunningest things with which to decorate your Psyche knot, or your Billie Burke bunch of curls, are to be found at Blackstone's in the shape of their jet accessories. You never saw anything prettier in your life than these shiny black things. They are really wonderfully elaborate, yet they have about them an air of chaste simplicity that is ravishing. The stately high-backed combs in the carved effects, the beautiful barrettes with which to tuck up the stray locks; Billie Burke pins with great jet knobs and long "prongs," which will certainly secure your curls, and all sorts of little novelties and fancies with which to tempt the vacillating feminine heart are to be found here. You know by the time a woman gets a monstrous back comb in her hair, and two or more side combs, and an all-concealing barrette, she is prone to resemble a tortoise, so far as her head is concerned, but these creations in jet add to, rather than detract from, the effect. And surely they would lend a bit of comfort to the grief of any one who wishes to carry out a mourning scheme, even unto her tresses.

Babies certainly have a friend in the shape of the good Boston Store. This shop has a most complete and delightful department for the edification of the very little men and women. You know the keynote of a baby's wardrobe should be daintiness, and this the Boston Store's stock certainly possesses. They have the dearest white slips for the tiny baby, all of the best material and hand-made and hand-embroidered. Everything is marked with simplicity, but you feel sure that this is better than a bunch of furbelows and frills. The intimate little garments are exquisitely made, with dainty rufflings of lace and bows of delicately-colored baby ribbons. The Boston Store also has a full line of the knitted garments, from boyish little sweaters to the colored baby sacques. Affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.
South Figueroa Street,
November twelfth.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 14, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Jacob Frey, of Topanga, Cal., who, on May 11, 1904, made homestead entry (01869) No. 10552 for S. 1-2 S.E. 1-4, N.W. 1-4 S.E. 1-4, N.E. 1-4 S.W. 1-4, section 36, township 1 N., range 17 W. S., B. M. has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 8th day of December, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Philip LeSueur of Calabasas, Cal., Charles Greenleaf, Anton Lentherer, both of Topanga, Cal., A. M. Bernhardt of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Nov. 7-5t. first publication Nov. 7-08.

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